THE ST. LOUIS TORNADO. SIX PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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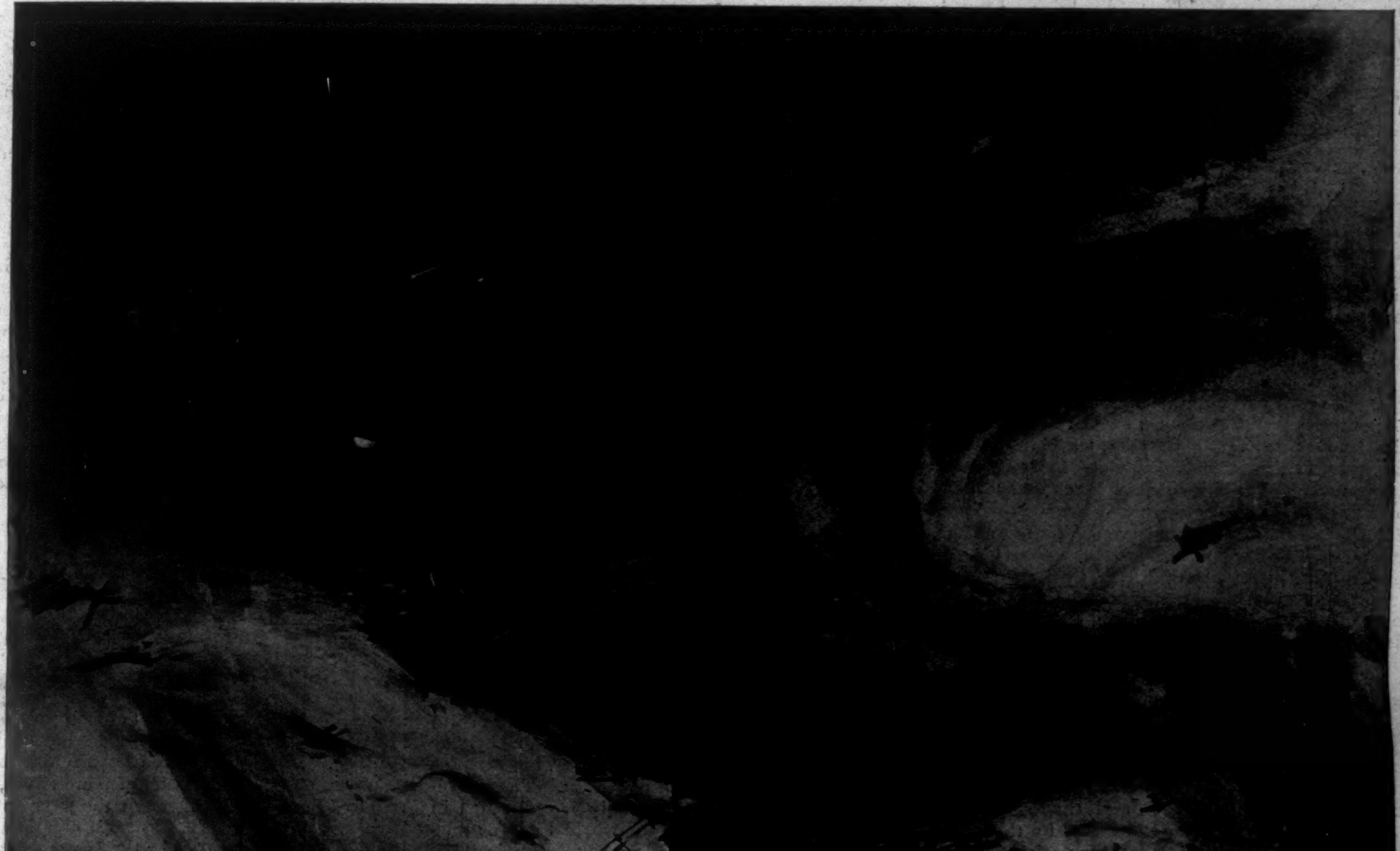

THE ST. LOUIS TORNADO—THE CYCLONE AT THE EASTERN END OF THE EADS BRIDGE.

Drawn by G. W. Peters, who saw the Storm strike the Bridge.—[See Page 594.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 13, 1896.

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THE RUSSIA OF NICHOLAS II.

THE pomp and pageant of the young Czar's coronation at Moscow, doubly picturesque because still half-barbaric, could not fail to attract the attention of all mankind. This attention was, on the whole, by no means unsympathetic; for, however sincerely liberal-minded people may detest Czardom as a political institution, yet they would involuntarily look with a kindly interest at a young man reputed to be amiable, as Russian princes go, upon whose brow fate had thrust a most gorgeous crown of thorns—immense power coupled with tremendous responsibilities, tribulations, and dangers. It is a remarkable historic fact that most Russian sovereigns have died melancholy deaths—some by violence, others oppressed by a dense gloom of disappointment and anxiety. We need not go beyond this century to exhibit the sombreness of the record. PAUL was murdered in 1801. ALEXANDER I., brilliant and ambitious, died in 1825, tortured by remorse and suspicion. His son, NICHOLAS I., the haughtiest and most magnificent autocrat of them all, died during the Crimean war, in the bitterness of defeat and weary of life. His son, ALEXANDER II., the emancipator of the serfs, was assassinated in 1881. His successor, ALEXANDER III., died in 1894, after a life made miserable by the constant dread of conspiracies and daggers. All these had worn the superb crown recently put on by young NICHOLAS II., and they all had at their accession to power been greeted by their people as the great and happy representatives of omnipotence on earth. This dismal procession may not have passed before the new Czar's mind amid the glories of the coronation ceremonies, although it may have been in the thoughts of many of those present to pay him homage. And even to him the horrible human holocaust at the popular feast following the coronation may have appeared as an evil omen.

It must be admitted, however, that the new Czar has ascended the throne under auspices more favorable than those which surrounded his father, ALEXANDER III., at the beginning of his reign. Russia had just then gone through a humiliating experience. The Turkish war of 1877 had demonstrated that in a conflict with even so shaky a power as the Ottoman Empire, Russia had to strain every muscle in order to win success. Inquiry into the causes of this remarkable symptom of weakness revealed a general rottenness in the military as well as the civil administration of Russia which made the world stare. Neither was she permitted to harvest the desired fruit of her dearly bought victory, for the advantages stipulated for in the Treaty of San Stefano were seriously pared down by the conference of the great powers at Berlin. Thus the costly victory of arms was followed by a diplomatic defeat still painfully felt when ALEXANDER III. became Czar. The assassination of his father had struck all Russia with terror, and ALEXANDER III., haunted by a never-ceasing sense of insecurity, which was stimulated by the occasionally discovered plottings of the Nihilists and their murderous attempts upon the lives of officers of the government, made that government more and more a vast police machine. The persecutions of the Jews and of the German Lutherans in the Baltic provinces displayed the worst features of Russian autocracy, religious bigotry, and race intolerance. They contributed much to the nervous unrest of society, and grievously lowered the character of Russia in the opinion of the world. Neither did Russia prosper much in her economic development. The agricultural interest was in large districts in a lamentable state, owing partly to wretched methods of husbandry, partly to financial oppression and impoverishment through usury taking advantage of vicious laws. We still remember the great Russian famine of 1891 and 1892, which so pathetically appealed to the charity of the world. The state of the public credit was illustrated by the low quotations of the Russian ruble.

When the Russian sceptre fell to NICHOLAS II., these clouds had lost some of their darkness, and the improvement has continued. The effects of the famine disappeared more rapidly than might have been expected. The distress of the agricultural interest became less marked. The finance minister, WITTE, succeeded in accomplishing some advantageous conversions of the debt of the empire, accumulated large quantities of gold, and thus opened a prospect of the resumption of specie payment. The management of the foreign affairs of the Russian Empire has of late been especially successful. While the arrangements made at the Berlin Conference remain, on the whole, unchanged in point of form, Russia has greatly strengthened her influence in Bulgaria by adroitly playing upon the fears and the ambitions of the present ruler of that principality, and in Turkey by making the Sultan look to her as a protector against British aggressiveness. But the greatest triumphs of her diplomacy have been achieved in Asia, where, in fact, she has found the most fruitful opportunities for aggrandizement. Without firing a gun herself, she turned the war between China and Japan to her own advantage. While Great Britain stood inert, with arms folded, as if puzzled and perplexed by the unexpected turn of affairs in the far East, Russia deftly availed herself of the competition of France and Germany for her favor, won the support of these two powers in preventing victorious Japan from getting a foothold upon the Asiatic continent, and established for herself an ascendency over prostrated China, the full usefulness of which to her interests she will know how to develop in time.

The so-called Franco-Russian alliance is one of the most curious arrangements in the annals of diplomacy. France considers Germany her enemy, and fears the military superiority of that power. This superiority is constantly growing in proportion, the population of France being only 39,000,000, almost without any increase, while the population of the German Empire is nearly 52,000,000, and increasing at a comparatively rapid rate. France, therefore, feels the need of an alliance to insure her national existence, which she, rightly or wrongly, believes to be in danger. This alliance she finds in the friendship of Russia. The enthusiasm with which this friendship is cultivated in France expresses itself, as the world knows, sometimes in a sort of hysterical frenzy. Russia takes the matter much more coolly. She does not by any means consider her national existence to depend upon the French alliance, but she finds that alliance to be not a necessity, but a very convenient thing to make use of in the diplomatic game, especially against Great Britain, or, in case of need, even against Germany. The result is that while France has little, if any, influence on the foreign policy of Russia, Russia really controls the foreign policy of France. It has been said with much truth that the foreign office of the French Republic is really in the palace of the Russian ambassador in Paris. And if the French people knew how much even their home politics are affected by Russian influence, they would perhaps take alarm at it. At any rate, this French alliance gives Russia a position of considerable strength in western Europe.

As to the internal policy of Russia, great hopes were excited at first by the supposed liberal instincts of the new Czar. It is indeed true that the persecutions of the Jews and of Christians not belonging to the Greek Church, especially of the German Protestants, have largely ceased. But it is reported that the movement for popular education, for the establishment of popular libraries, and the like, which some time ago seemed to be in very hopeful progress, has been checked again by the sinister influences surrounding the young autocrat. And although he does not seem to be haunted by the suspicious fears for his own safety which darkened his father's life, the dreadful deportations to Siberia by mere "administrative order," which have long been the terror of Russian society, have not yet given way to anything like a process of law. Indeed, NICHOLAS II. has declared with emphasis that his autocratic power will be maintained in its entirety. In this respect, and as to the incredible corruption which honeycombs all branches of the public service, Russia is to-day what she was before, with very little prospect of improvement—unless an irresistible impulse come from below.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A FRIEND.

THE chief newspaper advocate of Mr. MCKINLEY'S nomination in New York is the *Tribune*, and it conducts its case in a spirit of jocularity that is suggestive of anything but confidence in the merits of its candidate. If the *Tribune* had any argument whatever to oppose to the serious objections that are being made to Mr. MCKINLEY'S aspirations, it would undoubtedly advance it, but in truth it has no valid reason for its endeavor to make him President. What it really thinks of his attitude on the leading issue of the time, the issue concerning which it hopes that its candidate will not betray his opinions, was casually shown by a jocular comment on the WEEKLY'S expression of fear that if Mr. MCKINLEY were elected President he would not come "to the rescue of the country's credit" as Mr. CLEVELAND has come more than once. To this expression the *Tribune* responded by saying that the people (meaning Mr. MCKINLEY and his supporters) "have no desire to see the country's credit rescued again in that way."

This admission is important, and what it signifies may be best judged by supposing Mr. MCKINLEY to be President now, and to have been President since March 4, 1893. In view of this admission of his chief supporter, what would Mr. MCKINLEY have done in the emergencies which Mr. CLEVELAND has been obliged to confront? We have the word of the *Tribune* that he would not have done as Mr. CLEVELAND has done. On his coming into the Presidency on the 4th of March, 1893, he would have found that under the MCKINLEY tariff law and the large appropriations inaugurated by the Congress in which Mr. MCKINLEY was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, a deficiency was anticipated. He would have found that capitalists at home and in Europe had begun to express their distrust of our currency laws, and their fears of coming financial legislation, by selling our securities and withdrawing from the Treasury the gold necessary for the reserve held for the redemption of the greenbacks, and essential also to the maintenance of the parity between silver and gold. He would have found the business interests of the country on the verge of a panic. He would have found the retiring President and Secretary of the Treasury themselves in a panic, and he would have learned that $6,000,000 in gold had been borrowed from the banks to keep good the $100,000,000 reserve, which already, therefore, had been invaded. He would have learned also that preparations had been made by the HARRISON administration for issuing bonds under the authority of the act of Congress of which Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. CARLISLE have taken advantage. Finally he would have found the silver men clamoring for the issue of more silver, for the relief of the situation through the payment of the Treasury notes of 1890, of whose creation he had been one of the authors, in the silver dollars that they represented. What would he have done under these circumstances? We have the word of his chief advocate that he would not have done what Mr. CLEVELAND did. Therefore he would have redeemed the Treasury notes in silver, and the currency of the country, by this act, would have been placed on a silver basis.

Later on in the spring he would have encountered the panic. He would have seen gold disappearing from the Treasury at a frightful rate; currency so dear that banks were refusing to honor the checks of their customers; a new currency invented by the associated banks of New York, by municipalities, by private corporations, to take the place of the true currency that distrust and fear had locked up. He would have seen business generally suspended, because of the operation of the SHERMAN law, whose passage he had advocated when he was the leader of the House of Representatives. What would he have done in that emergency? We have the word of his advocate that he would not have done as Mr. CLEVELAND did. Then he would not have called an extra session of Congress for the purpose of repealing the law that was one of the principal causes of all this distress. He would not have demanded the unconditional repeal of that purchasing clause which he had supported because it provided a market for the whole product of the silver-mines of the United States. He would not have withstood the appeals and threats of TELLER, DUBOIS, and other Senators of his own party. He would have permitted the purchase clause to remain on the statute-book, or he would have consented to a wretched compromise that would have "done something for silver."

Still later he would have found the Treasury gold reduced to $40,000,000. Again, according to the *Tribune*, he would not have done as Mr. CLEVELAND did. He would not have announced that he intended to exert all the powers that the law conferred upon him to defend the credit of the government and to redeem the promise of the law that the parity of the metals should be maintained. He would not have issued bonds to obtain the needed gold. Mr. Cleveland, by issuing bonds from time to time, has done as much as the Executive can do to restore the confidence of the commercial world in the ultimate integrity of our currency. If he had not obtained gold by issuing bonds, not only would the country have been on a silver basis, but its debts would have gone unpaid. Throughout the summer of 1893 the honor of the government was saved by the energy and skill of Treasury officials who carried out Mr. Cleveland's policy. All the evils that have happened in the financial and commercial history of the country during the four years of Mr. Cleveland's administration would have happened in this term under any man's Presidency. They would have happened if Mr. McKinley had been President. They would have happened, because they have been the outcome of legislation that antedates the term, and for which Mr. McKinley is largely responsible. That the country has not repudiated its obligations, and that it is not now a country of silver money, we owe both to Mr. Cleveland's courage and ability, and to the fact that he is not a silver man nor a double-dealer, but a firm believer in the money standard of the most civilized nations. But we have the assurance of the *Tribune* that if Mr. McKinley had been President he would have done none of the things that, done by Mr. Cleveland, have preserved our credit and kept us among the gold-using countries of the world. No doubt, judging from the admission of the same authority, Mr. McKinley has approved of all the checks and hindrances that have been placed in Mr. Cleveland's way by the Republicans in Congress, and now approves of extravagant appropriations and of the refusal of Congress to provide the means for meeting them.

It is true that the admission that under Mr. McKinley's Presidency the country would have been brought to bankruptcy in the last four years was made in a spirit of jocularity, but, nevertheless, it is the admission of the truth; and we say this not because the *Tribune* has uttered it, but because it is in harmony with all that we know of Mr. McKinley's character and tendencies. And it is because Mr. McKinley will not come "to the rescue of the country's credit" as Mr. Cleveland has, unless he is under better influences and stronger control than have heretofore governed him, that sound-money men look upon the prospect of his coming triumph with apprehensions of evil days for the republic.

THE PARTY OF DISGRACE.

The Democrats of Kentucky have pronounced in favor of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. This is a grievous disappointment to sound-money members of the Democratic party, and it ought to be to sound-money men of both parties, for after Mr. Carlisle's masterly speech of last year the Kentucky Democratic Convention declared against the heresy of free coinage, and it was supposed that this marked the end of the influence in the State of the Blackburns and Hardins. But it has long been the fashion of a certain kind of Democrat to court the votes that are rejected by the Republicans. After 1874, for example, the Republicans, having discovered that the greenback movement threatened their ascendency, were converted to sound money. At once a large body of Democrats, under the leadership of Senator Voorhees and Mr. William Allen, of Ohio, sought the support of the disreputable allies whom the Republicans had dismissed, and have been wallowing with them ever since. And now that the Republicans of Kentucky have declared that they are in favor of the single gold standard, there seems to have been nothing left for this kind of Democratic mind to think of but the picking up of the stray silverites of whom the Republicans had relieved themselves.

It is disappointing to find Kentucky Democrats slipping back into the silver ranks, for Kentucky Democrats for many years have been led by the best men of the State; and that they have been in the habit of listening to wise counsels, and of heeding them as well, was shown by the manner in which they pronounced for sound money after listening to Mr. Carlisle's speech. But aside from the regret that is to be felt for the loss to the sound-money cause of such a large body of voters, it is well, if the Democratic Convention at Chicago is to be dominated by the silver men, that their domination shall be complete and that their majority shall be overwhelming. It is to be hoped, if the party cannot represent any purpose or any principle that respectable, patriotic, and intelligent men desire and believe in, that it will represent everything in our politics that is mean and depraved, in order, as the *Evening Post* well says, that all can "be raked by one fire."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says this of the silver Democrats of its own State:

> "They have spit upon the fathers of the party whose name and organization they claim, have proclaimed Jefferson an ignoramus, Jackson a conspirator, Benton a knave, and Cleveland a traitor. For the faith handed down through a hundred years of glorious party history they have substituted a fad rejected by every intelligent civilization on the globe, and for the exponents of that faith they have substituted such apostles of populism as Stewart, such exhorters of socialism as Tillman, such evangels of anarchism as Altgeld."

And so they have, and so, apparently, will the Democratic Convention at Chicago renounce all that Democracy has meant to the honest Democrats who, for the last score of years, have been hoping that in some moment of virtuous strength the party that was organized by men who loved their country, and that was once led by statesmen, would shake out of its high places the ignorant Blands, Morgans, and Pughs, with the Gormans, the Hills, and the Murphys, and would become once more a party of conscience and intelligence. That hope is now nearly fled, and if the Chicago Convention does what it is now almost certain to do, it will pass entirely into history as one of the amiable follies that have stood in the way of advancing civilization.

A CURIOUS DECISION.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the sugar-bounty cases is one of those unsatisfactory avoidances of a large and vital question which are often the disappointing results of judicial proceedings. Generally, perhaps, it is best that courts should decide the cases that come before them on the most essential feature of each controversy. At the same time there are occasions when a departure from this rule is pardonable, and great judges are able to recognize those occasions and take advantage of them. Certainly, if Chief Justice Marshall had been content to peer into the cases that he decided on broad constitutional grounds, for the purpose of picking out the small peculiarity of each, the Federal power would not be what it is to-day. But it is not often that we have a Marshall on the bench.

At this time, when the air is full of socialistic projects, the Supreme Court refuses to take advantage of an opportunity to crush them in the bud. There is nothing to criticise in this fact except the littleness of the result of so much preparation. Apart from this, it seems to be the opinion of the court that if in consequence of any unconstitutional act money is expended by a citizen or citizens, the United States must pay the debt; in a word, that the debts of the United States include all claims based upon actual expenditure on the part of the creditor that Congress may have seen fit to authorize. Here is certainly a new and tempting field for a legislative body of the kind that Mr. McKinley led when he opened the pockets of the consumers of the country, as well as the doors of the Treasury, to those who had bestowed political favors upon him and his party associates.

It is clear, however, from the opinion of the court, that when the bounty question does come before it in such form that its decision cannot be escaped, it will pronounce unconstitutional all gifts or loans of the public money in aid of private enterprise. Of this the sugar-growers may rest assured, that if their enterprise is hereafter to be fostered by government assistance, that assistance will be in the form of a revenue tariff.

It is also clear, from the opinion of the court, that Mr. Bowler's action in refusing to pay the bounty until the courts had passed upon the question is sustained. It must be borne in mind that under the dicta of the courts Mr. Bowler was in duty bound to take that action. He had no alternative, and in doing as he did he was simply obeying an act of Congress. The Executive upheld him by defending the suits that were brought for the recovery of the bounty, and the Supreme Court now upholds him by treating his power, and his manner of exercising it, as beyond debate. In deciding the cases it has merely answered the question which the Comptroller put to the judiciary branch of the government.

THE FAILURE OF THE OPERA-MANAGERS.

A love for the opera may not be in the individual a sign of the highest state of moral and mental cultivation, though genuine appreciation of a form of art so largely symbolical surely indicates some degree of intellectual training. But when a whole community requires the opera as a diversion, it is fair to regard it as a highly cultivated community, and it is, therefore, as a gratifying sign of the mental development of the American people that we must view the ever-increasing demand for that expensive luxury. Time was when only a few cities in the Eastern States cared much for grand opera, but now the call for it is widespread, and the support of it, when it comes, is generous and intelligent. Time was, too—and that within the memory of men who still call themselves young—when the opera never paid expenses, and impresario after impresario went to the wall, ruined by his labors in the cause of "the least objectionable of all noises."

It has been a significant fact of these later times that the opera in America has gradually been placed on a paying basis with the growth of wealth and good taste, and that, too, when the cost of producing it properly has been heavier than ever, and really adequate performances of great works have been more frequent than they used to be. Lately even the big Metropolitan Opera-house in New York has ceased to be a source of expense to its wealthy directors, while the splendid series of performances of opera in French, Italian, and German given there and in the various large cities under the direction of Henry E. Abbey and his partners last winter and spring were profitable.

The statement of these results had hardly been made public before the announcement came of the failure of the opera-managers, as if to prove that the old condition is unchanged, and grand opera still "spells ruin." But a little examination shows the contrary to be true. If the firm of Abbey, Schoeffel, & Grau had been devoting its energies and capital only to the worthy production of fine musical works—and fine dramatic works, too, for the tours of Irving and Sarah Bernhardt were profitable to them—it would not now be bankrupt. The amusement enterprises in which these gentlemen sank money in such great sums that the profits real art brought to them were not sufficient to save them from ruin were of small artistic consequence.

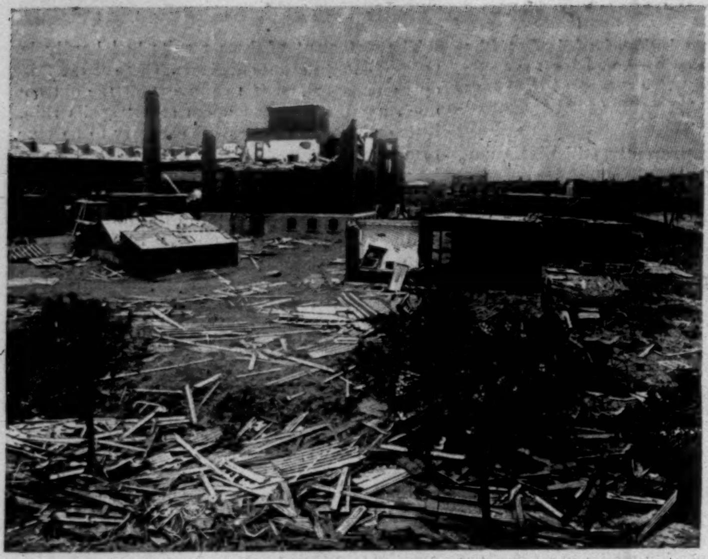
So that the old cry against the commercial hopelessness of opera, so often heard in America and England, where there are no government endowments for theatres, cannot fairly be raised now. *Tristan und Isolde*, *Carmen*, Verdi's *Falstaff*, and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; Melba, Calvé, Maurel, Nordica, and the De Reszkés are in no way responsible for the pecuniary difficulties of the managers of the opera. Perhaps the "hard times" hurt them, but they have no just cause to complain of public ingratitude or bad public taste. What they had to offer that was worthy was freely accepted and liberally paid for. A lingering idea that the multitude still yearns for triviality and mediocrity undid them.

THE SHERMAN STATUE.

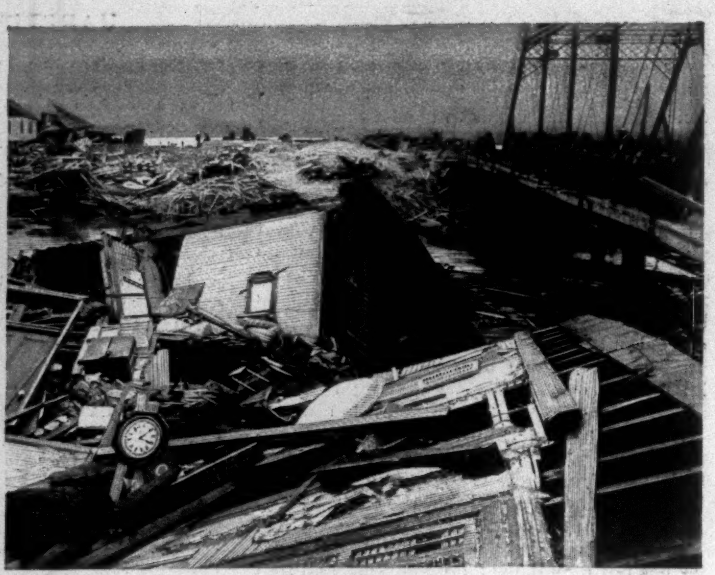
The award of the fabrication of the statue of General Sherman to a sculptor whose design had been rejected by an expert committee as not worthy even of a place in the final competition has very naturally excited the indignation of all who care for the advancement of American art. The Sculpture Society, whose committee it was that made the recommendations disregarded by the committee of the Army of the Tennessee, has already taken action in the form of a remonstrance against the inexpert award addressed to the Secretary of War. Inasmuch as $50,000 of the public money has been appropriated for the statue, and as the Secretary of War is the custodian of this sum, it is quite proper that representations should be made to him to prevent the squandering of it upon an inferior work of art. Nor can there be any doubt that Mr. Lamont's sympathies are on the side of civilization, and that he will go as far as his powers permit to prevent the execution of a project the official approval of which proceeds certainly from complete incompetency, and there is reason to believe also from rank favoritism.

It would be difficult to condemn too strongly the wantonness the committee has exhibited in dealing with trust funds. It began by invoking, or pretending to invoke, expert advice, thereby confessing its own incompetency to decide, and it promised the competing sculptors that it would take such advice. But when it found that the expert judgment did not ratify its own inexpert judgment, it "used its own judgment," which it had accurately confessed to be worthless, threw out two of the designs approved by the experts, thereby subjecting itself to two lawsuits, and substituted two others, of which one is that which there is some reason to suppose had been chosen before the competition began or the design itself had been made. Moreover, as soon as its decision was announced, it brought the exhibition of the competing models to a sudden close, thereby strongly indicating its own belief that a disinterested judgment would not ratify its decision. The author of its preferred design seems to entertain the same belief, if it be true that he alone of the four competitors has declined the invitation of the Sculpture Society to allow his design to be exhibited in New York.

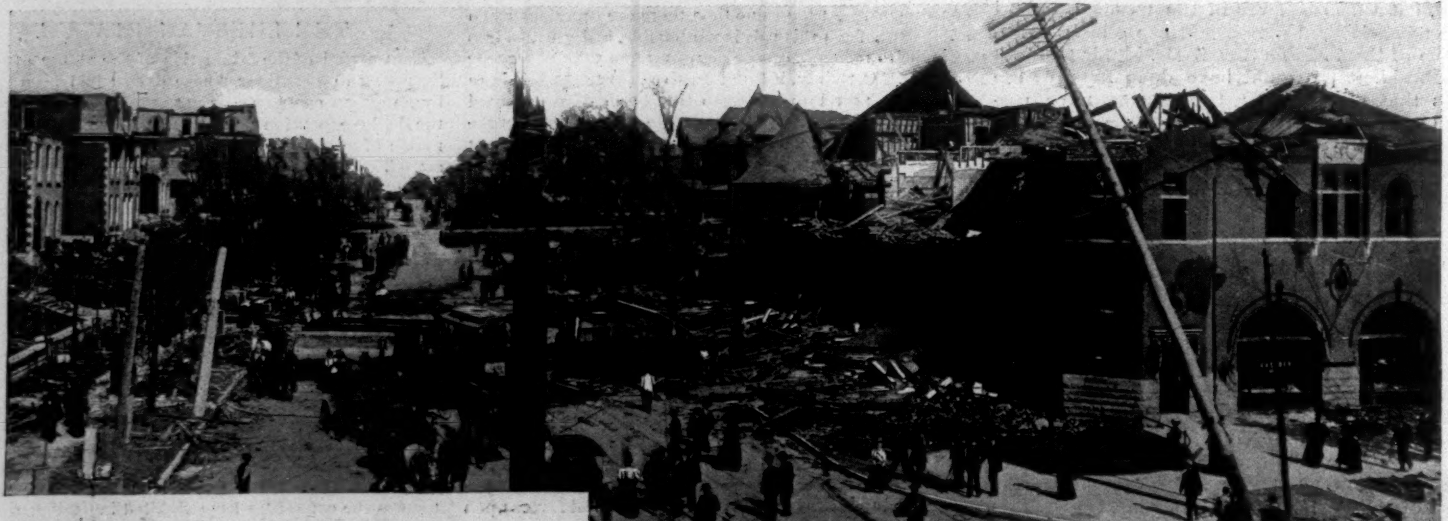
Nothing, it is true, could be more discreditable in its kind than this story, or show more completely how utterly the average American citizen, who may fairly be supposed to constitute the committee of the Army of the Tennessee, refuses to take questions of art seriously, to admit that one man's work or one man's judgment is not as good as another's. And yet this case, properly considered, is not discouraging, but extremely encouraging. What the committee of the Army of the Tennessee has been doing with respect to the national monument to General Sherman is what, until within a few years, was the universal practice with respect to works of art to be acquired by the government. It was an understood thing that artistic commissions went by favor. The incident employed by Mr. Stevenson in fiction, of an American politician who set his son at sculpture because he himself expected to be able to dispose of an important commission, had its exact prototype in fact; and middle-aged men remember how sculptresses used to be able to secure the execution of public statues, not because of their skill, but "because of their importunity." Now, a performance on the part of the committee of the Army of the Tennessee which used to be in the regular course of things is generally resented as outrageous, and even scandalous. It is evident, not for the first time, that the organization of the Sculpture Society has been an agency of great good. The organization of the Public Art League is another step in the same direction. The object of this association is to secure that the government shall not acquire any work of art whatever until the work shall have been passed upon and approved by a body of competent judges. The wild work that a body of judges necessarily incompetent has made of selecting a design for the Sherman monument will have a powerful tendency to secure the accomplishment of this most desirable object. In this way the ultimate result of what is in itself a piece of vandalism may be a national benefit.



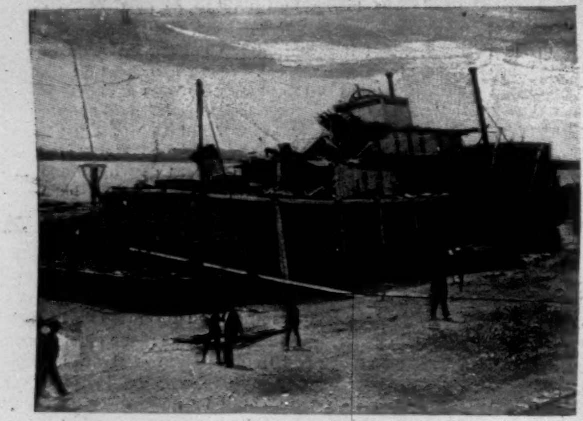
RUINS OF THE CITY HOSPITAL.
A Great Number of Persons were killed here.
Photograph by J. J. Ploughe.



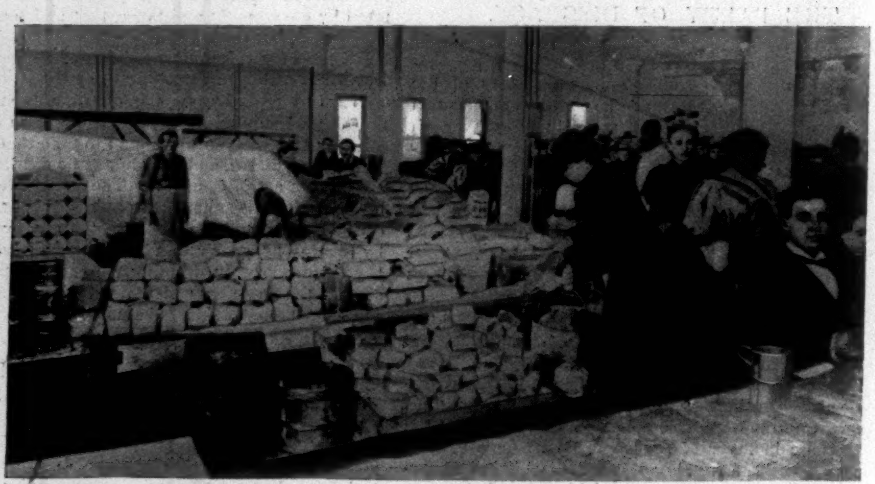
RUINS OF MARTEL AND TREMONT HOTELS.
Forty Persons were killed on this Spot. Clock stopped at 5.15.
Photograph by J. J. Ploughe.



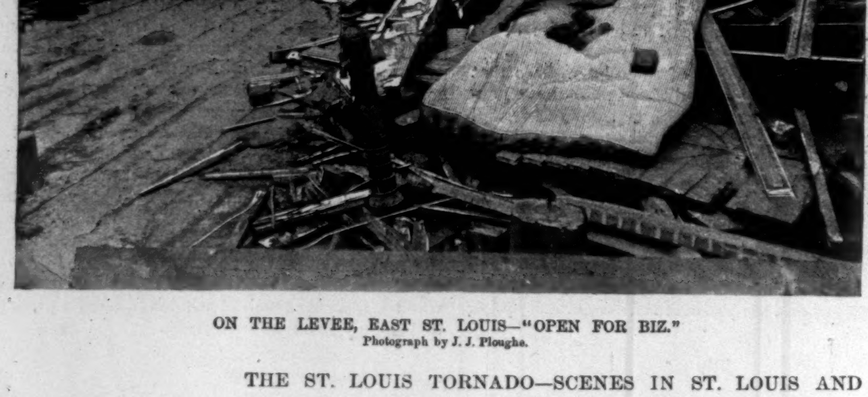
LAFAYETTE AVENUE, LOOKING EAST—UNION CLUB HOUSE TO THE RIGHT.
Photograph by Rösch.



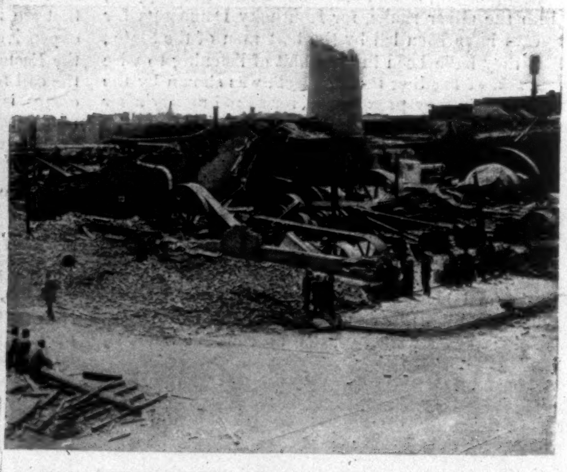
WRECK OF THE "JAY GOULD."
Photograph by A. W. Sanders.



TORNADO RELIEF ASSOCIATION UNDER THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, EAST ST. LOUIS.
Photograph by J. J. Ploughe.

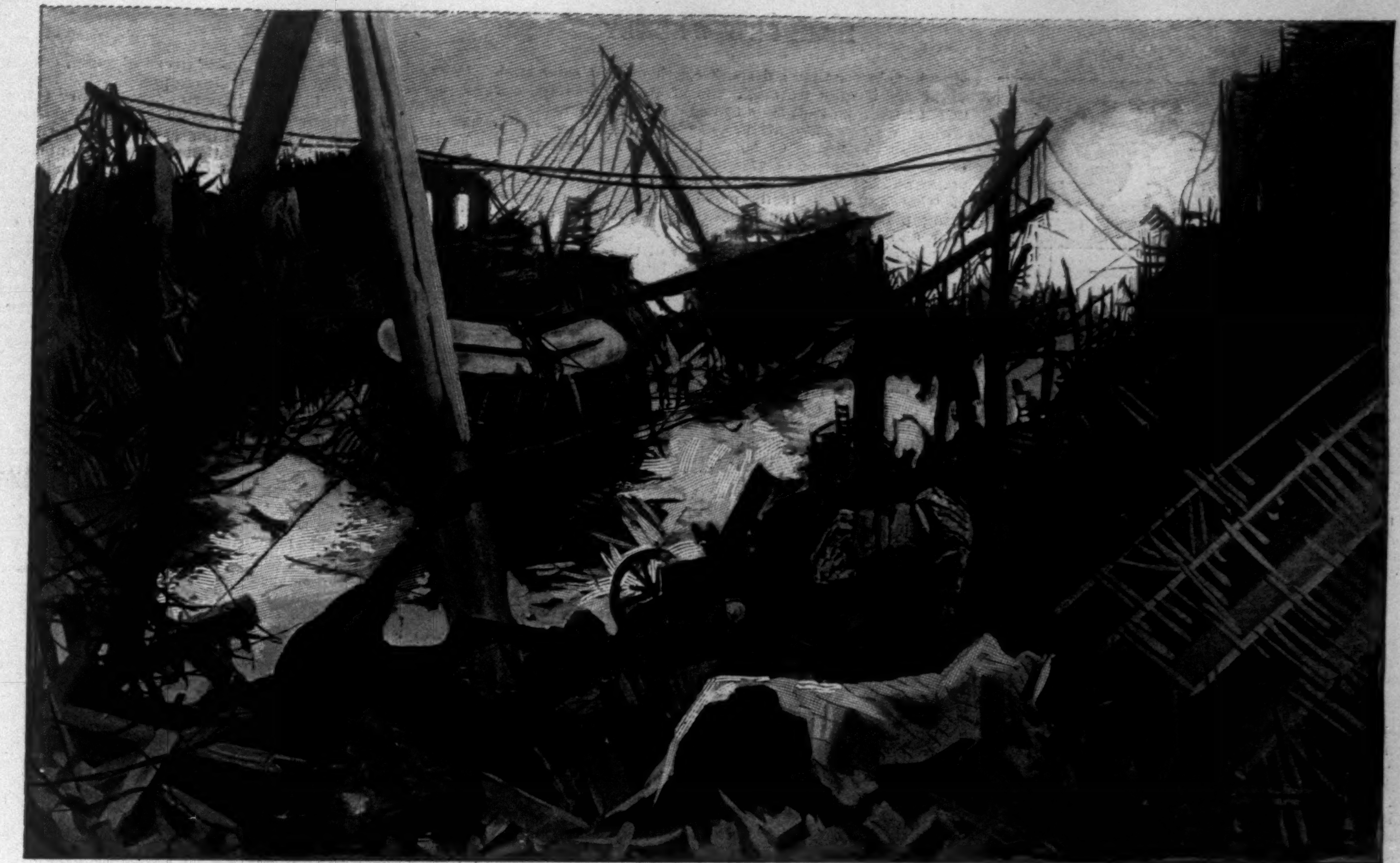


ON THE LEVEE, EAST ST. LOUIS—"OPEN FOR BIZ."
Photograph by J. J. Ploughe.

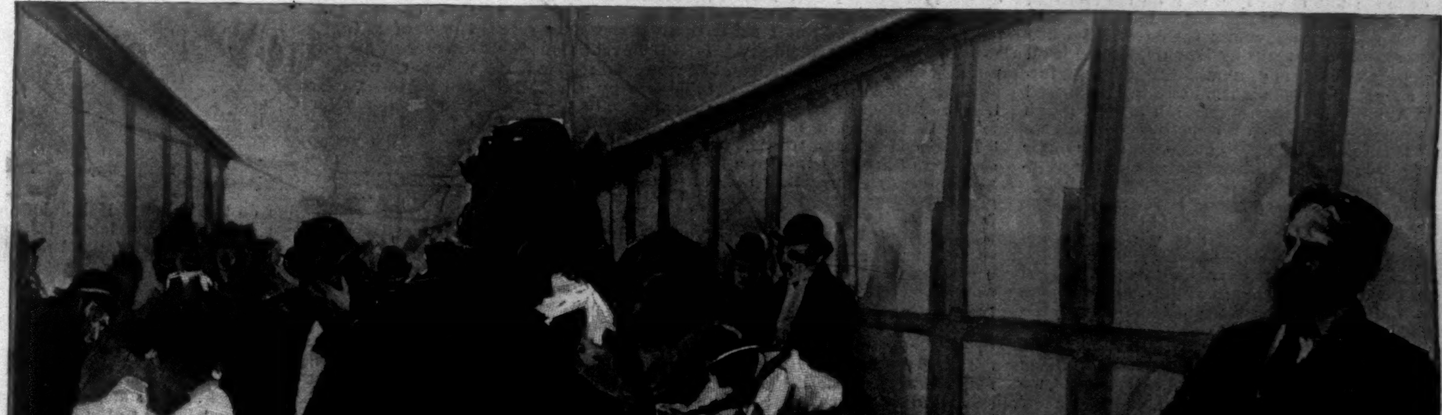


POWER-HOUSE OF THE SCULLIN ELECTRIC SYSTEM, GEYER AND MISSOURI AVENUES.—Photograph by Rösch.

THE ST. LOUIS TORNADO—SCENES IN ST. LOUIS AND EAST ST. LOUIS.—[See Page 594.]



HOW JEFFERSON AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, LOOKED FOR OVER A MILE AND A HALF.



IDENTIFYING VICTIMS IN THE TEMPORARY MORGUE AT EAST ST. LOUIS.
The Number of Dead brought in here had reached 140 by the time our Artist made his Sketch.

THE ST. LOUIS TORNADO—PART OF THE CYCLONE'S FEARFUL WORK.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 594.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

I CONFESS that I did not follow very closely the events of the Czar's coronation; but I am aware that it is over, and I am glad that it is over without harm to the young man whom it would have satisfied the dramatic instinct more deeply to have had slain on the steps of his throne. The Nihilists seem not to have been mindful of their chance for a great *coup de théâtre;* or perhaps they have foregone it with a subtler sense of its futility than assassination has hitherto had. They may have felt that they could only hurt their cause by a deed which they have taught the world to believe they would not fear to do; or they may have been willing to grant the new autocrat time for the reforms which he is said to have in mind. In either case they seem to have acted with more wisdom than men of their conscience sometimes show. Their forbearance, to be sure, deprived the barbaric fact of a barbaric climax, and so far has cheated the world in the sort of vague expectation which they had created.

I.

As for the mere body of the event, the outward semblance to the average spectator, I really suppose it could not have differed greatly from the Greatest Show on Earth, whose annual parades have accustomed us to a vast deal of historical, or at least histrionic, splendor. Indeed, I have my doubts whether, sight for sight, it could have been quite so perfectly managed. It must, in spite of all the pains taken, have been rather amateurish, and have lacked the smooth working of the professional spectacle. At any rate, so remote as this, it affects the imagination like a circus display, and the pictures of it which the illustrated papers have so plentifully given, tend rather to strengthen than to weaken this conception. As a circus, it seems to have been very successful, and not to have given away its amateur character, at least in any of the incidents reported. In this character it might very well have added to the gaiety of nations, and I do not deny that it has done so; but if we look at it on the spiritual side, I do not see how we have any reason to rejoice in it.

One need not grudge that young Czar and his bride their perilous splendor in realizing how deplorable it all is; but a free people, a nation of republicans, need not forget the true character of the affair, in wishing them well out of it. If America means anything, if it is not through and through the humbug which it sometimes appears, we Americans have a sort of duty, to ourselves if to no one else, in recognizing that the coronation of another autocrat is in the way of perpetuating an error which its antiquity should not render venerable. It does not change the nature of the error, that the myriads of the Czar's subjects share it fully with him, and that the Russian autocracy is as deeply founded in the peasant as in the emperor. It exists because of their common ignorance and superstition; it is belated history; and it is none the less a fragment of the despotic past projected into the free present, because it is itself unconscious of anachronism. We may tolerantly say that it has to be; the autocracy has its roots so far down in old abuse, that it must be generations yet, probably, before it can be extirpated. Dynamite, we have seen in our own time, will not do it, and no sort of violence will do it; but because the gates of hell cannot prevail against it, we need not suppose it is under the favor of heaven.

II.

We are apt to fall into an injurious optimism in our necessary acquiescence in an established fact, and I think we ought to guard ourselves against this. If democracy is right, autocracy is wrong; and it does not make autocracy right for the Russians that so few of them want democracy. Democracy might be far better for all of them, though it might not be well to force it upon them. There are certain well-ascertained facts concerning the Russian nature which may make us think they are already fitted for democracy. Unless their writers, who seem to have studied them so faithfully, have not faithfully portrayed them, they have stronger instincts of equality and fraternity than any other people, especially on those wide social levels where democracy best flourishes. The Russian state in no wise embodies these instincts, and it is not the glory of the present Russian state which will foster them. The coronation of another Czar means a longer lease of the rule which tends to deaden them; and I do not see how it can be a gratifying occasion with any American who thinks of the matter. We must not imagine that although the vast mass of the Russians consent to autocracy and even desire it, they are represented in it, as we are in democracy, with our consent and desire.

Neither must we imagine that their autocracy is good for them because there are worse governments than that of Russia. The Russian autocracy is cruel, although it is less cruel than the neighboring despotisms of China and Turkey. There has never been a time when it would not have been far better for Turkey if the Czar had supplanted the Sultan in his dominions; and there has never been a time when the Chinese would not have been happier under the Czar than they are under their own tyranny. But in this change there would only have been a choice of evils. A positive good both to the Turks and the Chinese would have been English rule, and it is this which Americans ought to hope for and pray for in the interest of the suffering populations on the eastward and the westward of the suffering population of Russia. It would indeed be the greatest possible good to the Russians if they were under British law, too.

III.

However, this greatest possible good is impossible, and to some of us I dare say the mere notion of such a blessing will be offensive; we are still too intent upon settling our old account with England to allow, even in imagination, that English freedom and English justice would be anywhere better than a despot's caprice. But some such advantage is what we might conceive of if we freed our minds from a patriotic to a humane view of the fact.

Since we cannot, and since any such hypothesis is too wholly in the region of fancy, I venture to suggest that the present moment of expansion, of sympathy with the young autocrat of Russia is a good one for taking thought of what autocracy really means. It means a human being placed in circumstances so absurdly, so utterly, false and wrong, that he can be a true and just person only by accident. It is the interest of those whose place and power depend upon the system he personifies to surround him with ignorance in which he must grope his way to the advantage and happiness of his people if he is to find them at all; and to make this vain and foolish image of the divine omnipotence a god who can neither see nor hear his creatures. They have no rights against his pleasure; they cannot meet in public to question or entreat his ministers, far less to censure any act of his government. They cannot print anything in comment upon it save as his ministers allow. They may be torn from their homes and imprisoned upon any charge or none, and they may be condemned with or without trial as the insensate tyranny chooses. The Czar is under no law, but above all law; his will may at any moment transcend or suspend the law. He may and does cruelly oppress great numbers of his hapless people simply because they are not of his religious faith, because they are Jews or because they are Protestants; because they are Poles he may and does depatriate and exile them in their native land.

These are rather dreary commonplaces, I own. We have heard them so often that although no one denies their truth they seem to have no meaning. If they were true of ourselves they would be intolerable for an instant longer; but being true of the Russians we imagine a sort of propriety in them I once heard Stepniak say, "We ask only things that are as natural and habitual to you Americans as the air you breathe," and for a time I did conceive of the hardship of men whose lot is cast where a prayer for free speech, for an elective legislature, for a judiciary independent of the executive will, would be an act of the most threatening incivism, little short of treason, and might be punished worse than the worst felony.

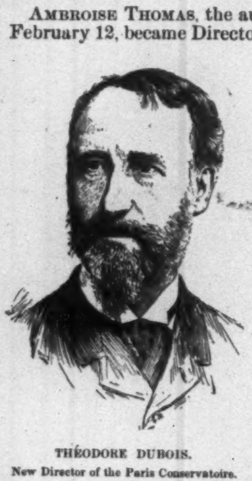
But this consciousness soon passed Again, because it was so, it seemed fit that this oppression should be in Russia, and in trying to think of it now in connection with the coronation of the young autocrat who has come formally to his heritage of unlimited power, I am sensible of not having felt the full monstrousness of the fact. I do not fancy that I have moved the reader to any deeper perception of it; and I cannot expect him to surpass me in abhorrence. But I really think it would be very well if we could once jointly behold the event from the republican, the democratic, point of view, and realize that nothing joyful has happened, nothing worthy of admiration or of the exchange of international emotions.

The coronation of the Czar had to take place, but I think we can get some true notion of how deplorable it was as a part of human experience by imagining it not to have taken place, by imagining instead of this ridiculous pageant at Moscow, the proclamation of a Russian republic in that ancient capital. Suppose instead of all that histrionic folly, rehearsed and performed at the infinite cost of the poor, the august and simple spectacle of a Russian president making oath to support a constitution guaranteeing every Russian life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Suppose instead of moving onward with stripes and in chains to fulfil the sad destiny of a people ruled by the passions, or even by the principles of a single man, not conceivably wiser or better than millions upon millions of his subjects, that yonder mighty nation were now setting forth on a new career, with a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed, and secured in the right to make and unmake its laws, to censure its legislators, to judge its judges, to depose its rulers. Suppose this, and all that it must mean for the race now and hereafter, and you have some measure of the unworthiness of the ceremonial which has actually taken place.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

AMBROISE THOMAS, the author of *Mignon*, who died on February 12, became Director of the French Conservatoire on the death of Auber, in 1871, and continued twenty-five years in office. The directorship, which had been vacant since his death, was in the gift of the Minister of Fine Arts, and was first offered to Jules Massenet, the author of *Manon* and *Hérodiade*, who declined it because of the pressure of other duties. It was then offered to Théodore Dubois, the author of *Guzla*, *L'Émir*, *Le Pain bis*, *Aben Hamlet*, and *Xavière*, who accepted it. M. Dubois is perhaps best known as the organist at the Madeleine, in which position he succeeded Saint-Saëns. He is no stranger at the Conservatoire, for he has been professor of harmony there for twenty-five years. He was born in 1837, at Rheims, where he still has a home. Both he and his wife are musicians, and one of their occupations is the education of a musical son, now sixteen years old. For two years past M. Dubois has been at work on a new opera, *Circé*, which is finished, and about to be brought out in Paris.

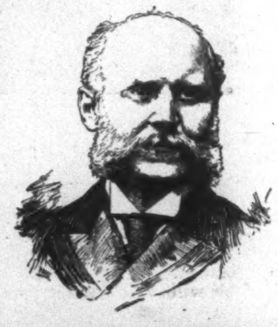


THÉODORE DUBOIS.
New Director of the Paris Conservatoire.

Art is long, but no longer than erudition, which is less lucrative, and, to most minds, seems to be less fun. Harvard University has just published, as volume iii. in its Oriental series, a royal octavo of over 500 pages, entitled *Buddhism in Translations*, which represents the fruit of ten years of the labor of its author, Mr. Henry Clarke Warren. Mr. Warren, a son of the late S. D. Warren, of Boston, has been a student of Sanscrit for nearly twenty years, and likes it. The translations he has now published are from the Pali writings of Ceylon and Burmah, Pali being not quite identical with Sanscrit, but a tongue very nearly akin to it. The translations are in five chapters; one devoted to Buddha's various existences, three to his doctrines, and one to Buddhist monastic life. Between them they give a general idea of Ceylonese Buddhism. Mr. Warren's labors have brought him into very learned company. Of the five volumes of the Harvard Oriental Series, the first two are edited by professors in the universities of Leyden and Königsberg, and the last two are translations of the Vedas by the late Professor Whitney of Yale.

The names of Laurence Hutton (229 West Thirty-fourth Street), Brander Matthews (121 East Eighteenth Street), and H. G. Paine (333 East Seventeenth Street) are signed to a circular which tells of the proposal of certain friends of the late H. C. Bunner to establish, in Columbia University, a prize to be known as the H. C. Bunner Gold Medal, to be awarded annually to the student submitting the best essay on a subject taken from American literature. The memorial is believed by those who knew Mr. Bunner best to be such a one as he would have preferred. It is thought that one thousand dollars will be sufficient to establish it, and the three gentlemen above named are receiving the checks of such friends of Mr. Bunner as desire to contribute.

Joshua Levering, of Maryland, who was nominated for President on the Prohibition ticket at Pittsburg on May 28, is a member of the Baltimore firm of E. Levering & Co., importers of coffee. He is about fifty years old, was born in Baltimore, and was a Democrat in politics up to 1884, when he voted the Prohibition ticket. His business partner is his twin brother, Eugene, and both brothers are known as liberal givers to benevolent causes, and especially to the Baptist Church. Mr. Levering is president of the Baltimore Y.M.C.A., a manager of the Baltimore House of Refuge, and a director of the Sugar-refining Company. Last fall he was the Prohibition candidate for Governor of Maryland, and polled 7700 votes—very many more than a Prohibition ticket ever before received in that State. His companion on the ticket is Hall Johnson, of Newton, Jasper County, Illinois. Levering and Johnson represent the sound-money branch of the Prohibition party. The free-coinage faction, failing to get a silver plank into the platform, held a bolting convention, under lead of ex-Governor St. John of Kansas, and set up a ticket of its own.



JOSHUA LEVERING.
Photograph by [illegible]ndann.

When Mr. Manley says that Thomas Reed will not run for Vice-President on the ticket with Major McKinley, he says what it seems unnecessary to state. The idea of Thomas Reed playing second fiddle to the Major is not one to which the imagination readily commits itself. Something ought to be done to make the Vice-Presidency more attractive to first-rate men. No other kind of man ought ever to occupy the office, yet a first-class man rarely accepts the nomination for it without persuasion, regrets, and sharp compunctions. Would it not help the case if the office of Vice-President were shorn of all active duties and made compatible with other official jobs? If the Vice-President could still sit in the Senate or the House (provided he could get a seat), and if the fact of his being Vice-President entitled him to draw a salary on the mere condition that he should stay in the country and be on hand in case the President died, perhaps the office would become more acceptable. Uncle Sam can well afford to pay a man for being next in succession to the Presidency without exacting any other labor from him. Nor does there seem to be any need of tying such a man's hands with such a perfunctory job as the Presidency of the Senate.

The newness of American life was illustrated the other day (May 27) at Minneapolis, when 7000 school-children, in relays of a thousand, hauled the first house ever built in Minneapolis through the streets of the town to the site that had been arranged for it in Minnehaha Park. The house was built forty-seven years ago, and not only has it survived, but its builder is living too, as well as his wife, who came from New York to live in it. He is Colonel John H. Stevens, a veteran of the Mexican war, who was born in 1820, went to Minnesota in 1849 for the good of his lungs, and not finding a claim that suited him in the village of St. Paul, went up the river and staked out a farm at St. Anthonys Falls, on land that is now the centre of a city which brags of its 200,000 inhabitants, and hopes to have a million more. Colonel Stevens has been a leading man in Minneapolis ever since he started the town, and apparently has not failed to gain such legitimate advantages as ought to accrue to a pioneer who selects his farm with discretion and abides by his choice.

The West Point cadet who graduates at the head of his class this year is E. R. Stuart, of West Virginia; of the next nine men, Pennsylvania has one, New York two, South Carolina two, Ohio one, Tennessee one, Missouri one, and Michigan one—five from the South, five from the North and West. Of the seventy-three members who graduated, twenty-five hail from the South, and only four from New England.

E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

THE highway robbery committed upon the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen while driving with his wife between Frascati and Rome, has now loosed the critical aspect which it at first assumed as a revival of brigandage before the very gates of Rome. The Roman newspaper, *Don Chisciotte*, treats the incident in a humorous tone:

"It seems that the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, a descendant of the friend and protector of Goethe, and consequently a lover of the arts, found himself at Frascati with Herr Voss, poet and painter. After admiring the beauties of nature, the Grand Duke exclaimed: 'Splendid; but the brigands? I was led to expect brigands; where are they?' His companion, embarrassed, explained that they had been suppressed. 'I really do not wish to be exacting,' said the Duke, 'but the brigands I really will not forego.' After much trouble Herr Voss, by chance, discovered just what was wanted, and prepared a delightful surprise for his patron. There is here a society, but little known, in the interest of foreigners who desire excitement on easy terms. The tariff runs as follows:

"GENERAL TARIFF.

"Aggression, by an entire band	200 frcs.
" simple, with two armed brigands	50 "
" with brigands armed to the teeth	56 "

"SPECIAL TARIFF.

"With killing one horse	100 frcs.
" wounding " "	50 "
" " driver (with his consent in writing)	150 "
Shooting with noise without wounding	28 "

"Herr Voss chose not to exaggerate, thinking it would only mean 28 frcs. each. He chose 'simple aggression armed to the teeth!' At one moment during the drive, while the Duke was exclaiming: 'Superb! Italy is truly a marvellous country!' suddenly two ferocious-looking men sprang, as it were, out of the ground, with guns cocked, shouting, 'The tariff, the tariff!' 'What do they say?' asked the Duke, who was experiencing all the desired sensations. 'That they must have 56 frcs.,' which, after some search, was accordingly handed over, and the party allowed to proceed, the only comment of the Duke being, 'So cheap! indeed, a marvellous country!'"

The taste of this humorous treatment on the part of an Italian paper may be questioned. Fortunately the consequences of the incident were not grave, nor can it be called a case of organized "brigandage." It is simple highway robbery as it might occur anywhere, only the Italian landscape and the Italian people add a touch of picturesqueness and romance. The Duke (who is best known abroad as the patron of the Meiningen Court Theatre, on which an article appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE five years ago), while driving from Rome to Frascati, accompanied by his wife, to pay a visit to the German poet Voss, was stopped in his carriage by two armed men with masks pointing their rifles at the coachman and the Duke; and after receiving the purse which the Duke flung to them, allowed the party to proceed. The Duke, though seventy years of age, is still hale and hearty; but the health of his wife, who has for some time been suffering from nervous prostration, cannot be improved by such an exciting incident. An explanation of the plot is furnished by the account of a friend who was driving with the Duke near Rome a few days before. In giving a beggar a few francs the Duke showed a portfolio full of large banknotes. My friend and the Duchess remonstrated with him at the time for carrying so much money about him and showing it. No doubt the beggars or coachmen spread the report of these treasures, and hence this robbery, though the Duke took the hint and left the banknotes at home. I am sorry to add that he has just met with an accident while on his way to the Villa Carlotta, his beautiful seat on the Lake of Como. He slipped while walking, and injured his knee. But no grave consequences are anticipated.

The death of the Archduke Carl Ludwig, of Austria, has been keenly felt here, not only because of the sympathy felt with the Emperor, who has undergone an exceptional amount of domestic misfortune, but because of the deep concern in the fate of the Austrian empire, so closely linked with the foreign policy of Great Britain. The recent death places the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in the position of heir-apparent to the throne. But this prince is suffering from a pulmonary complaint which makes his succession unlikely. Though his brother Otto, who is next in succession, is said to have somewhat reformed from his rough and dissipated life and habits, his manners and conduct in the past have made him unpopular with the Austrian people. In a country where the safety and cohesion of the nation depend so much upon the stability of the throne, it is natural that future eventualities are looked upon with grave apprehension. G. S.

CRETE.

THE Cretans have "bought cheese" this time—that is, they have raised in some districts the standard of rebellion against their Turkish oppressors. They had intended to do that on several occasions since the Sublime Porte had refused to carry out the reforms promised by the Halepa Convention of 1878, but they were dissuaded from it by the advice of their leaders exiled at Athens, where they had formed a permanent junta or committee, at whose head was the famous Hadji Mikali. Whenever this clever leader heard that an insurrectionary movement was being concocted in his native island which probably would not have the active support of Greece, he sent to his countrymen, through the suspected Turkish post-office at Canea, that mysterious advice, "Do not buy any cheese yet." This time the Cretans seem to have cared little whether or not Greece would support them, and they have begun the fight for their autonomy or their reunion to Hellas, which they consider their mother-country. The island contains about 300,000 inhabitants, more than two-thirds of whom are Christians. A constitution was granted to Crete—on paper—by the Porte, which, however, managed to render it illusory in the practice. For instance, the National Assembly is composed of eighty Deputies, forty-nine of whom must be Christians; but laws are to be voted only by a two-thirds majority, an arrangement which concedes to the Moslem element of the population an unjustifiable power in the administration of Candia. Last April Caratheodory Pasha, the Christian Governor, was replaced, despite the constitution reaffirmed by the Halepa Convention, by Turkhan Pasha, a Mussulman. The latter's rule has not been too severe, but the very fact of having again a Moslem for Governor was distasteful to the Cretans, who began in the district of Apokorona, always the first to rebel, the present insurrection, which may extend to the whole island, and against which the Sublime Porte has already sent many battalions of its regular troops.

F. A.

CHICAGO.

THE appalling calamity that has fallen upon St. Louis has given Chicago something serious to think about, and considerably weakened the hasty assumption that we need have no fear of cyclones. That assumption has been based, for the most part, upon the theory that the buildings of a great city would so break the force of a tornado that little damage could result. This theory does not seem to have much value in the light of the dreadful experience of St. Louis, and we are forced to fall back upon the less satisfactory theory that the proximity of Lake Michigan gives immunity. But the meteorologists say that this view is unsupported by fact; and we can all remember that Racine, also on the shore of the lake, was badly damaged by a cyclone not many years ago. Perhaps the question of greatest practical interest raised by the St. Louis disaster is that of the stability of the modern form of steel construction, so largely used in business structures here and elsewhere. Buildings of this type do not seem to have suffered much at St. Louis, although it is reported that in one or two instances the roofs were torn away. The architects have a good deal to say upon the subject, and are generally of the opinion that the building of modern skeleton construction would withstand the fury of any cyclone that ever swept over the prairies. The brick or terra-cotta sheathing of such a building would probably suffer, and the steel frame-work might get twisted, but the building would stand, as a whole, in the face of any conceivable wind pressure.

The campaign against the theatre hat goes merrily on, and the prospect of its suppression becomes brighter every week. The subject came up in Louisville the other day, at the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the obnoxious habit of wearing hats in public places found hardly a defender. A number of the delegates spoke their minds in terms that could hardly have been improved upon even by a man driven near insanity by a bobbing aigrette or reduced to dull despair by the view of some mountainous millinery structure. What is still more to the point, the assembled delegates put precept into practice by appearing bareheaded at their great evening gathering. The only dissenting opinion that has been made public is that of the president of Sorosis, who resorted to what Schopenhauer calls the trick of *mutatio controversiæ*, and complained that men often smoke cigarettes in public places, and do not keep their seats in theatres during the intermissions. Which is doubtless true, but not exactly to the point. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

GEORGE W. LATIMER died at Lynn recently. He was the first slave hunted upon Massachusetts soil. He was born in slavery, and escaped in September, 1841, with his wife. They concealed themselves on board a steamer sailing from Norfolk, and thus came North. Latimer was sheltered by colored friends on Jay Street, Boston, but was recognized by a Southern man, and his former master began a series of legal proceedings to compel the return of the fugitive to slavery. The thrilling cry of "God save Latimer!" arose all over New England, and finally $400 was raised, and taken by the slave-owner for Latimer's liberation. The old man's latter days have been passed in poverty.

Sylvester H. Roper, an aged Boston man, after twenty-five years of experiment, succeeded in perfecting a steam-bicycle. Last week he tried his new machine in a contest with professional racers, easily beating them all, and making a mile in 2 minutes 1⅖ seconds. After crossing the tape Mr. Roper was so elated that he continued to scorch around the track. He was observed to grow very pale. The forward wheel of the steam-bicycle wobbled badly, and the machine was deflected from its course, and the rider thrown upon the track. He had died in the first flush of success.

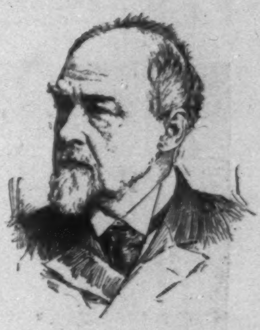
Subscriptions to the Lowell memorial should be sent to William A. Bullard, First National Bank, Cambridge. Thirty-five thousand dollars are required to purchase for a park a large portion of the poet's place, Elmwood.

The city of Cambridge has celebrated with due pomp its fiftieth anniversary. During these festivities much was said of the "Cambridge idea," which proves to be this happy thought: if the inhabitants of a city work together for the common good, without being prejudiced by party or creed, the municipality will be the gainer. This thought is so great a rarity in America that it has been carefully labelled the "Cambridge idea," and put upon exhibition. J. T. W.

NEW ORLEANS.

THE residents on Canal Street, the shopping centre of New Orleans, and its finest thoroughfare, will soon be able to solve the problem of how much noise the tympanum can stand without breaking down. The electric-car system has reached a high degree of perfection in the last two years. It is based on the concentration of all the street-car lines on Canal Street, there being now twenty-eight lines on that thoroughfare, running on five parallel tracks, with a central track for the steam-cars to Lake Pontchartrain. As eighteen to thirty cars per minute pass each corner, there is more dodging to be done in crossing Canal Street than in getting across Broadway, and two policemen are needed at each corner to steer the women and children among the passing tide of cars. The question of how to deal with the noise is yet unsolved, but becoming each day more serious. The adoption of the block system by the Orleans Railroad sets an electric gong ringing at each corner half a minute before the car arrives there. At this rate there will be a dozen or more gongs ringing continuously at every corner. The noise is already worse than any boiler-shop turns out, and has rendered conversation on the street impossible save in a shrill shriek, which is ruining the soft voices formerly so marked in the South. But the worst sufferers are the hotel people, for never during all the long watches of the night does this clangor stop for a second. New Orleans boasts of the perfection of street-car travel, but it is obtained at the sacrifice of peace and voice and sleep, and will, within a very short time, drive every resident from the gong-infested parts of Canal Street, whence sleep has been forever banished.

Ex-Governor Samuel Douglas McEnery, who was elected Senator from Louisiana on May 28, is the best known man in that State, and by long odds the most prominent in political life. Mr. McEnery is just fifty-nine years of age, his election to the Senate having occurred, by a happy coincidence, on his birthday.


SAMUEL DOUGLAS McENERY.

The family is of Irish extraction. Senator McEnery was born at Monroe; was educated at the Annapolis Naval Academy, at the University of Virginia, Spring Hill College (Alabama), and the New York State Law School at Poughkeepsie, New York. He served as a lieutenant in the Confederate army during the civil war. The election of his brother, John McEnery, as Governor, in 1872, threw him into politics. Nominated as Lieutenant-Governor in 1879, he succeeded to the Governorship in 1881 by the death of Governor Wiltz. In 1884 he was elected to succeed himself by a large majority. In 1892 he was again nominated for the Governorship, but was defeated by Murphy J. Foster, the candidate of the anti-lottery Democrats. Mr. McEnery was appointed to the Supreme Bench in 1888. He has still four years to serve, and will not resign the judgeship until he takes his seat as Senator in March, 1897.

Judge McEnery was not a candidate for the Senate, and entered the field only the night before he was elected, when it became evident that it required the strongest Democrat in the State to beat Mr. Denègre, the independent candidate.

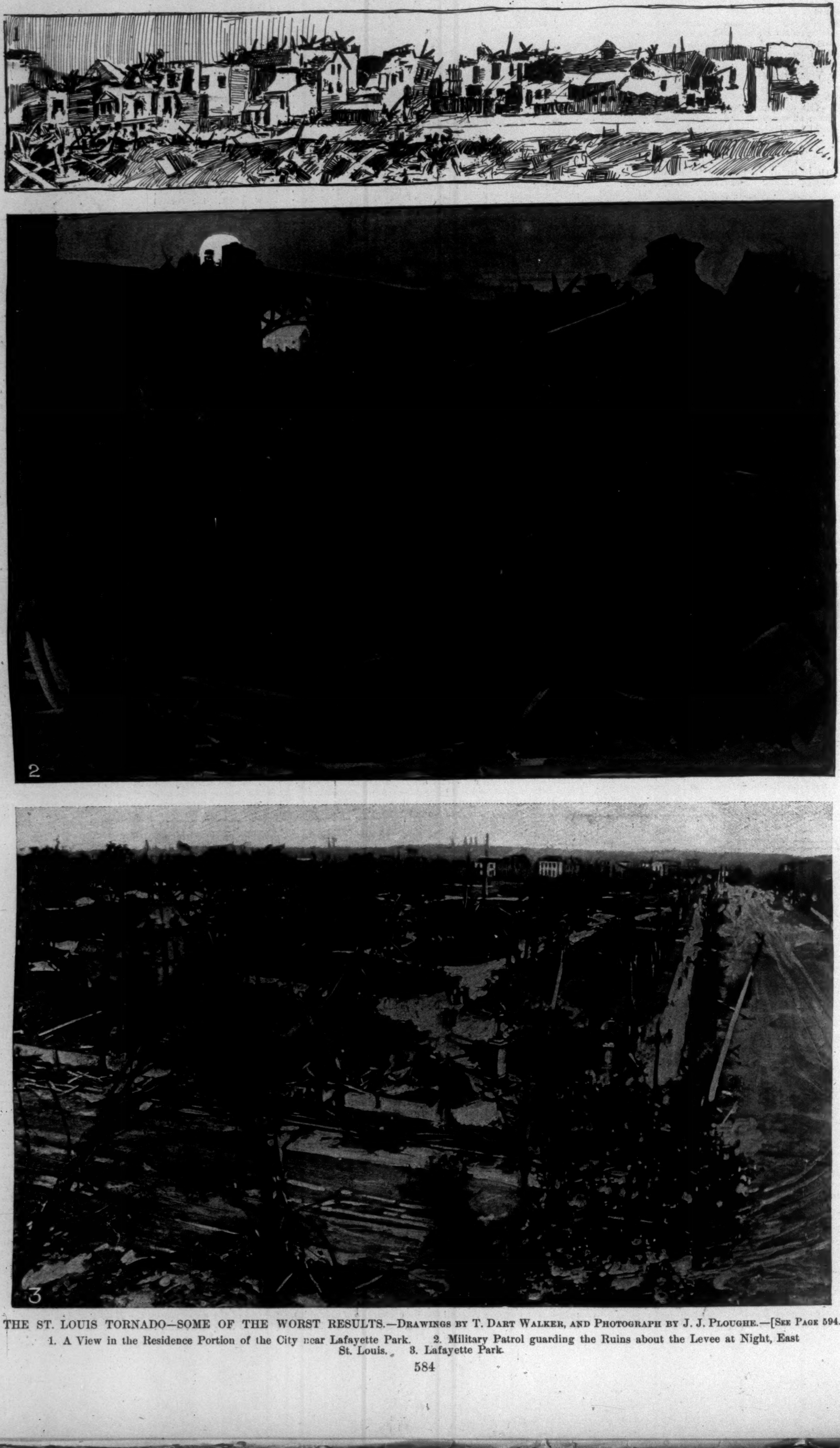
In politics Judge McEnery is a Democrat of the strictest party type. He is a pronounced sympathizer with Cuba, a free-silver man, and has promised to support the industries of Louisiana in the Senate; but he can be counted on to act with the Democratic caucus under all circumstances. He is a vigorous speaker and an able political organizer. N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE campaign of the woman suffragists, under the field direction of Susan B. Anthony and the Rev. Anna Shaw, is progressing in such a manner as to fill them with ardor and perfect confidence. The Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists at their State conventions have all indorsed the proposed suffrage amendment to the State Constitution, and the Democrats will probably do likewise when their convention meets on June 16. A surface view would present California as about unanimous on the question, but the probabilities are strongly against the adoption of the amendment, nevertheless. The politicians have for the most part acquiesced in the platform declarations on the theory that something is to be gained by that course, while hurtful opposition would be roused by antagonism. In the mass the men of California have not advanced beyond the stage at which the old-fashioned woman seems more agreeable than the new. General W. H. L. Barnes, a prominent delegate to the Republican Convention, spoke for the average Californian when, yielding to the spirit of prophecy, he said: "The test will come on that fateful day in November, when the man who has promised to be faithful to the emancipation of women is alone in the hut which the law of his country provides for his use, with nobody to see him but his Maker, whom he does not fear, and his suffragist wife, whom he does fear, is far removed from him. I am afraid that though the little rubber stamp has been pledged to go into the affirmative square, it will somehow miss fire and get into the other one."

Poor Professor Griggs, of the Stanford University, is the first martyr to the cause, and his sufferings are not likely to be fruitful seed. He spoke so well at the Woman's Congress on the subject of the wife who is the intellectual mate of her husband, and of the desirability of encouraging everything that tends to broaden the feminine mind, that Miss Shaw, in an impulsive moment of fervor, arose and said that the man who should live up to Professor Griggs's opinions would be the ideal man, and fit to be the husband of the new woman. This has been taken by the graceless as personal to the professor, and he is haunted by reporters and artists, all engaged in writing up and picturing the daily life of the Ideal Man. Professor Griggs is of a retiring disposition, scholarly, modest, grave, and as little like a gallant as any man born of woman. Yet were he a troubadour in slashed trunks and pointed shoes, given to the mandolin and moonlight, instead of being an example to youth and immersed in the study of sociology, greater liberties could not be taken with him by a light-minded press. What he may be driven to do with the rubber stamp when he enters the hut in November, Miss Shaw not being there to see, only the harassed professor will be in a position to know with certainty.

The Society of Christian Endeavor has offered to hold its next international annual gathering in San Francisco, in consideration of a fund of $30,000. Despite the fact that more is to be expected from such an assemblage in the way of moral example than in the direction of material profit, $10,000 has been already subscribed. The local churches are energetic in the movement, animated by the hope that the town would get a spiritual shaking up from the congress—a thing that the town very much needs; for San Francisco is more celebrated for its pagan gayety and the light value it places on appearances than for the practice of the sober virtues which grow from piety. Even the daily press is pervious to the appeals of the brethren, for one of the newspapers, the *Examiner*, has contributed $1000 to the pentecostal fund. A. McE.



THE ST. LOUIS TORNADO—SOME OF THE WORST RESULTS.—Drawings by T. Dart Walker, and Photograph by J. J. Ploughe.—[See Page 594.]

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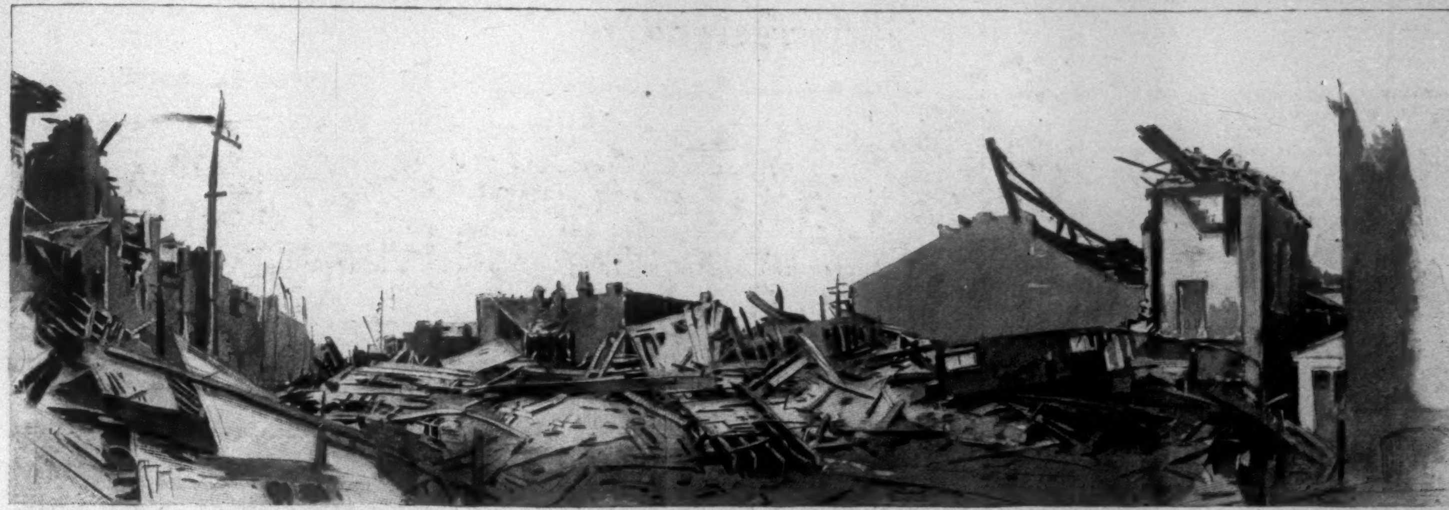
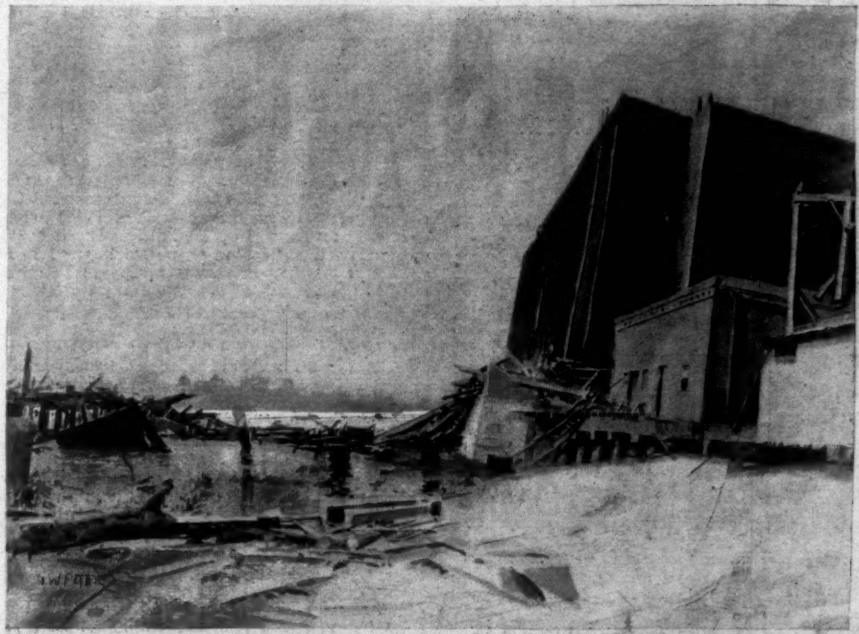


EIGHTH AND HICKORY STREETS, ST. LOUIS.



GRAIN-ELEVATOR IN EAST ST. LOUIS.
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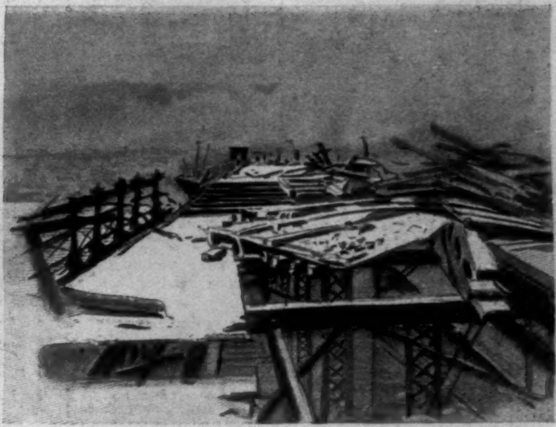
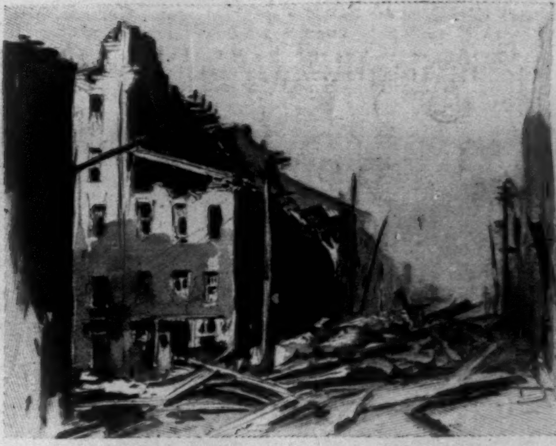
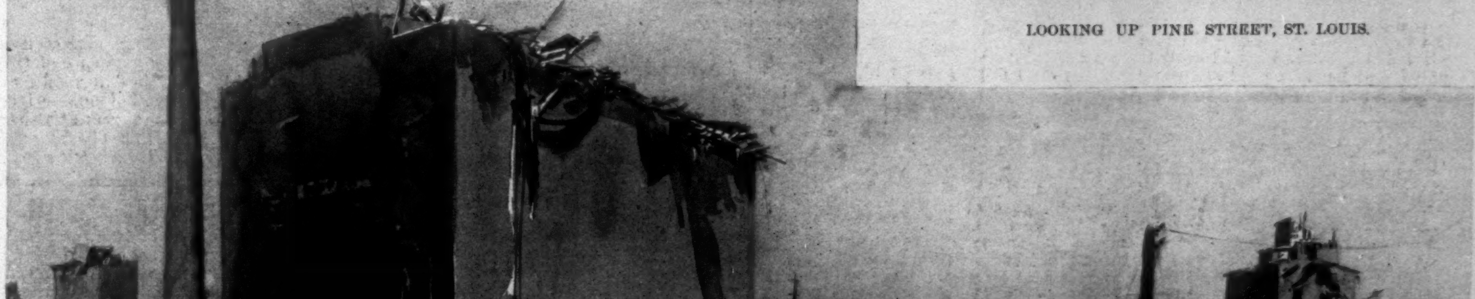


EAST ST. LOUIS END OF EADS BRIDGE.



LOOKING UP PINE STREET, ST. LOUIS.



LOOKING NORTH ON THE LEVEE, ST. LOUIS.

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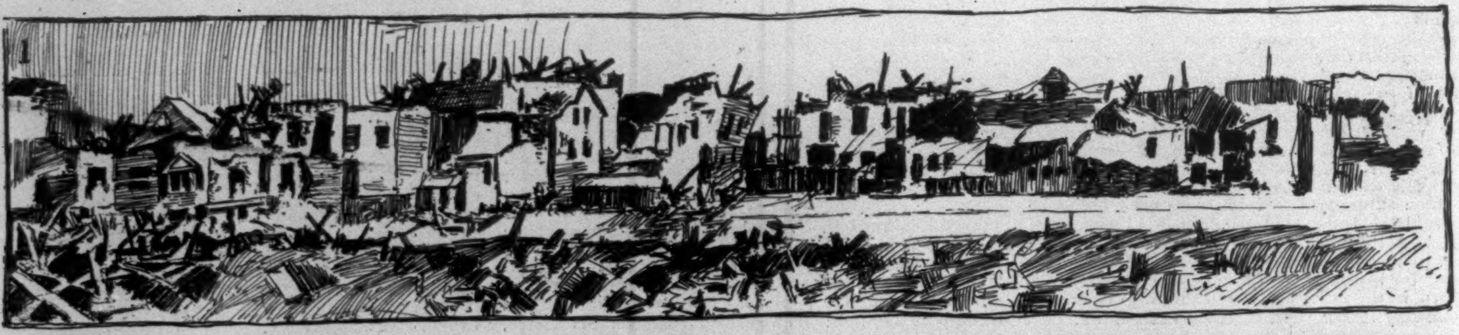

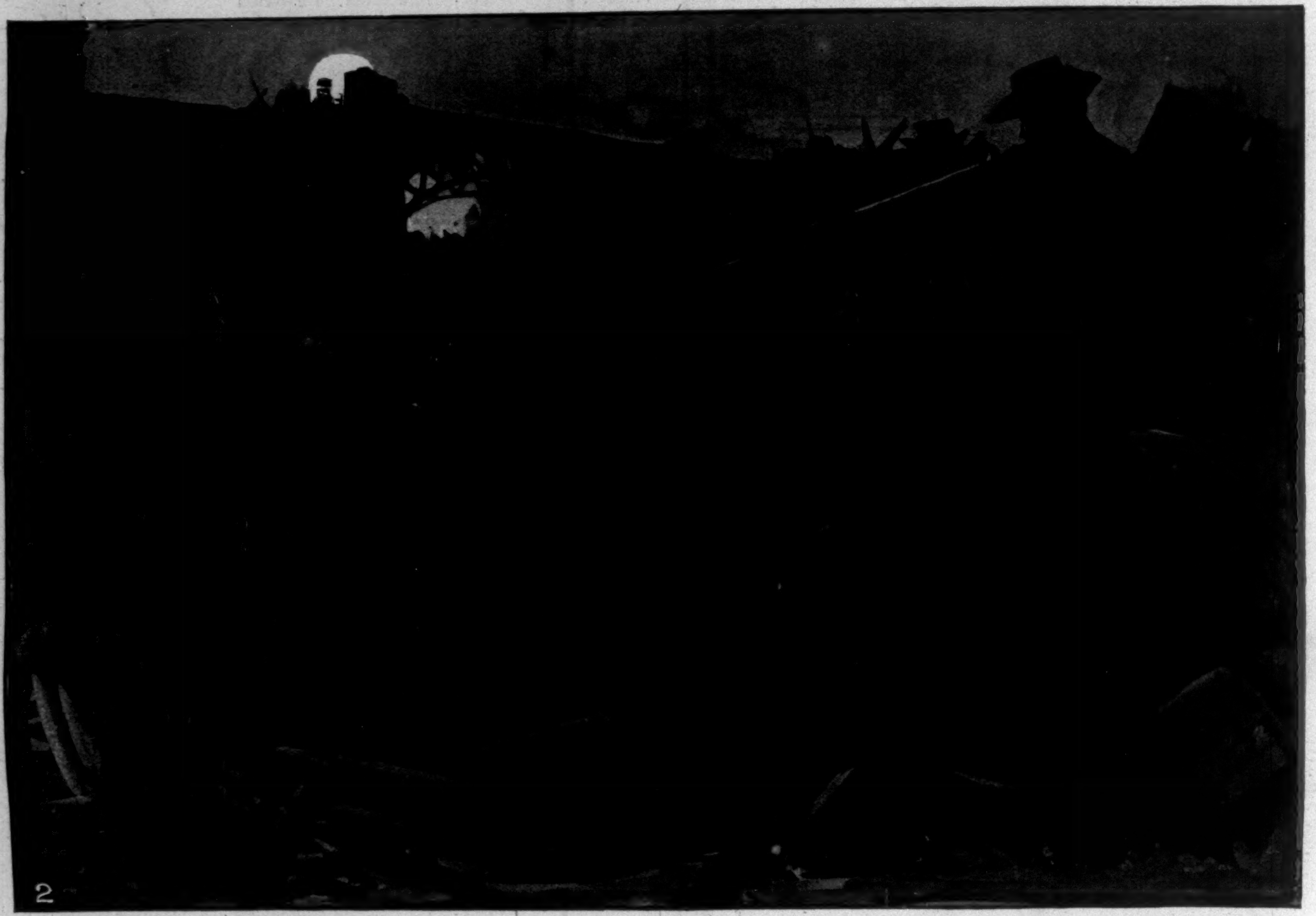

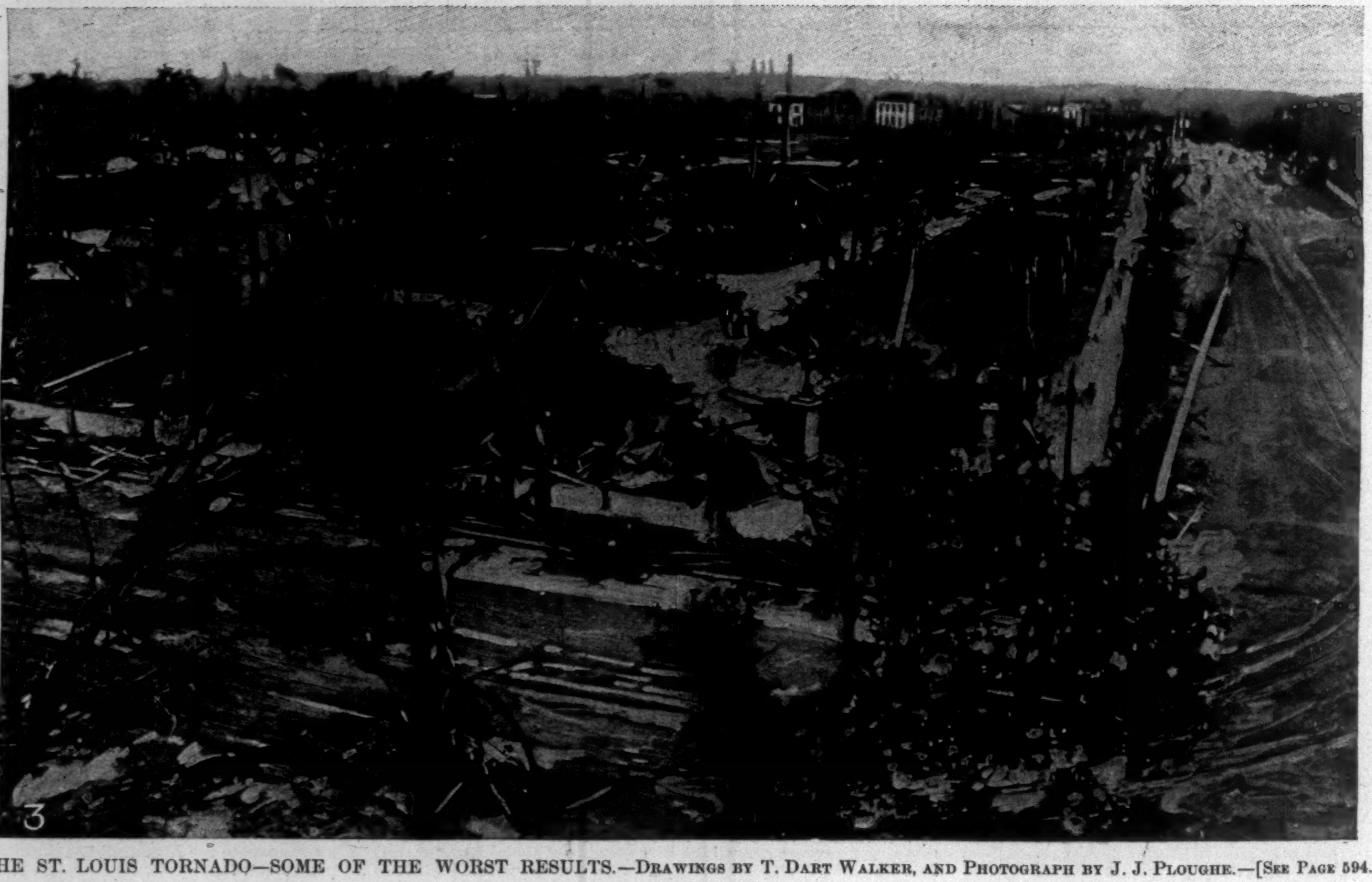

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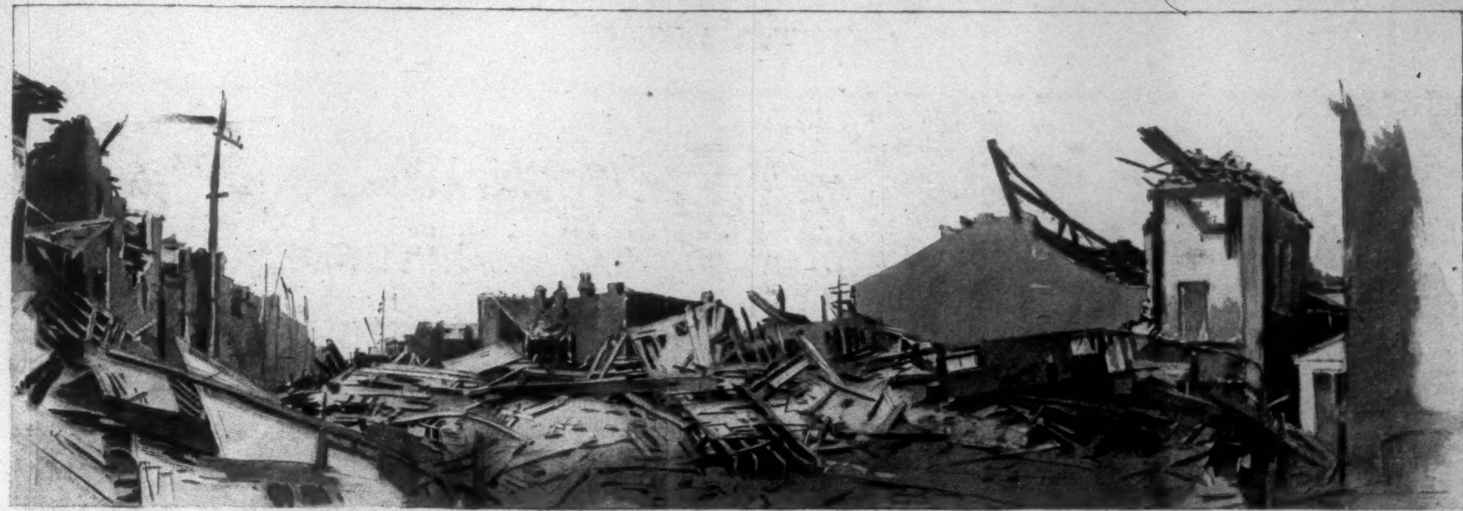

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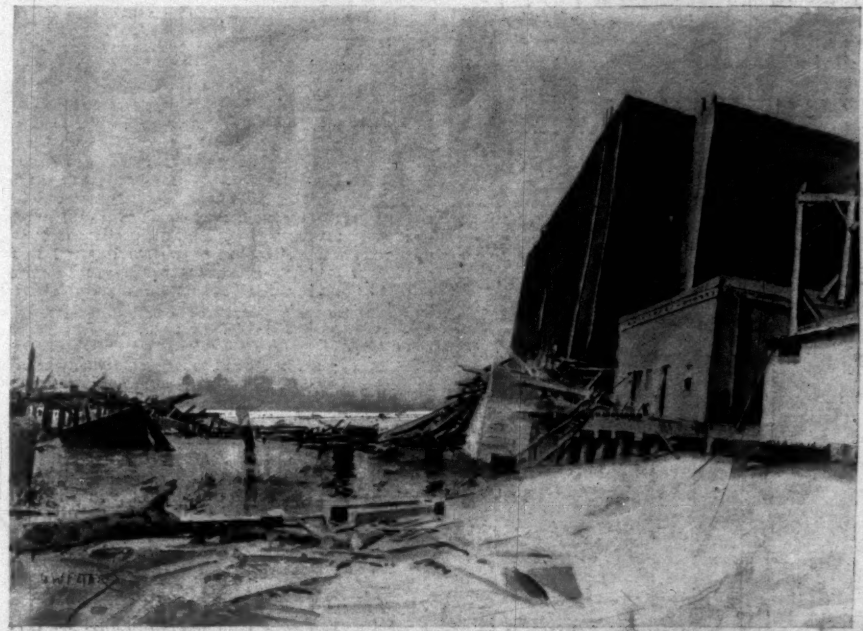

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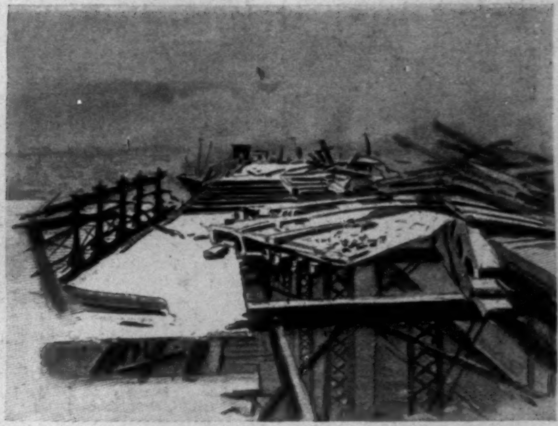

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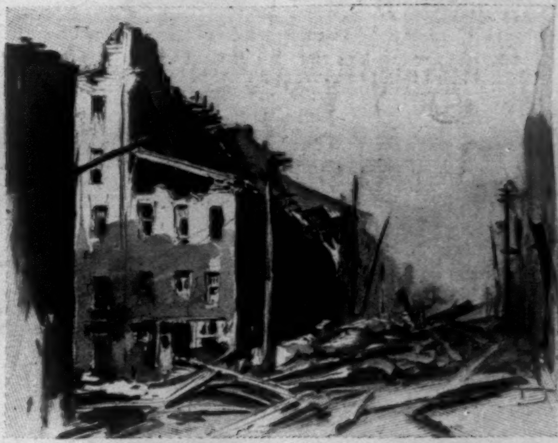

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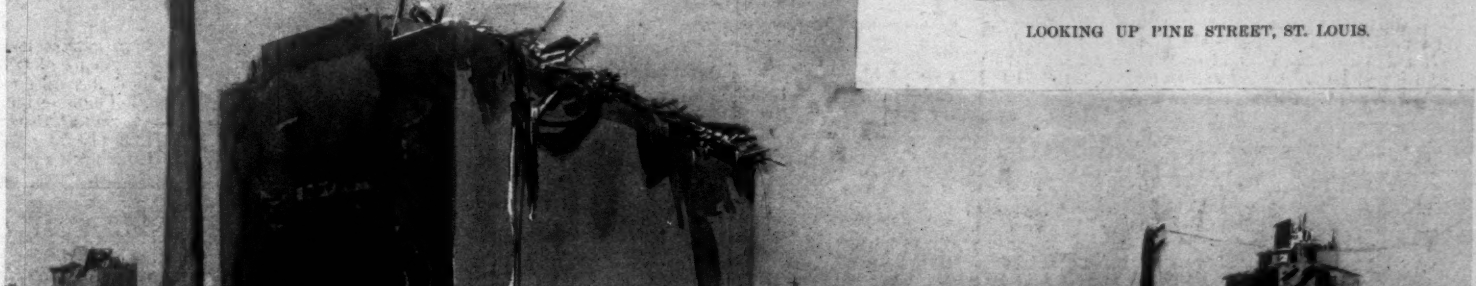

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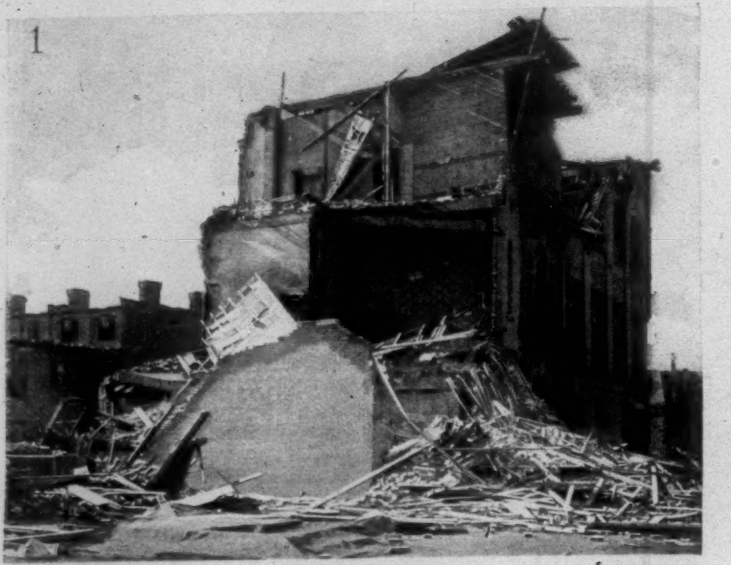

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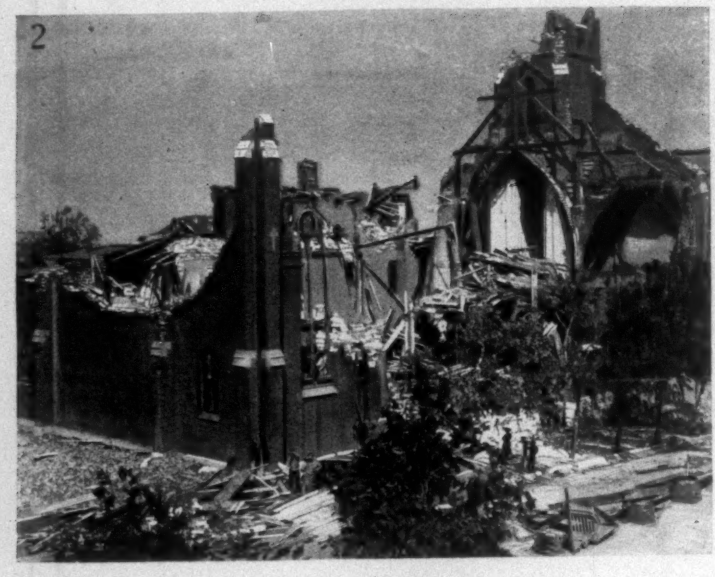

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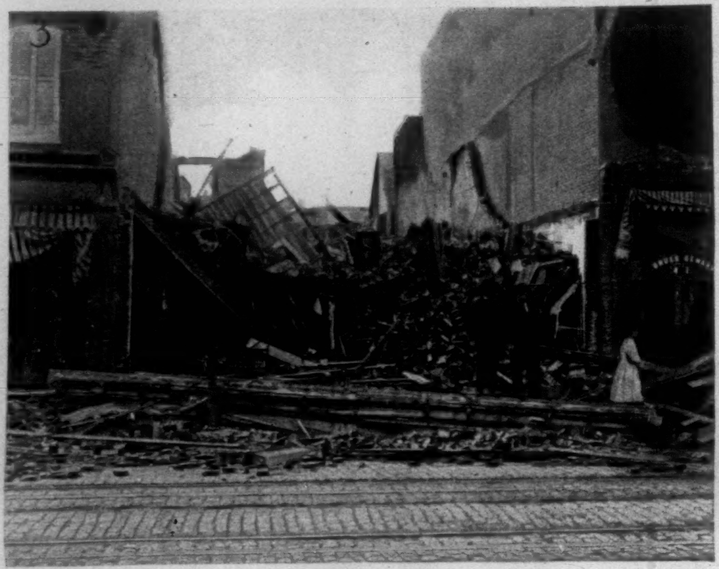

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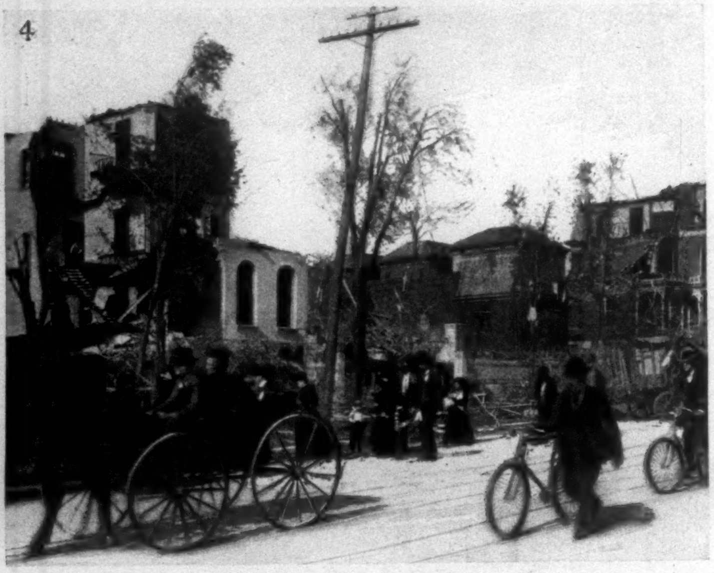

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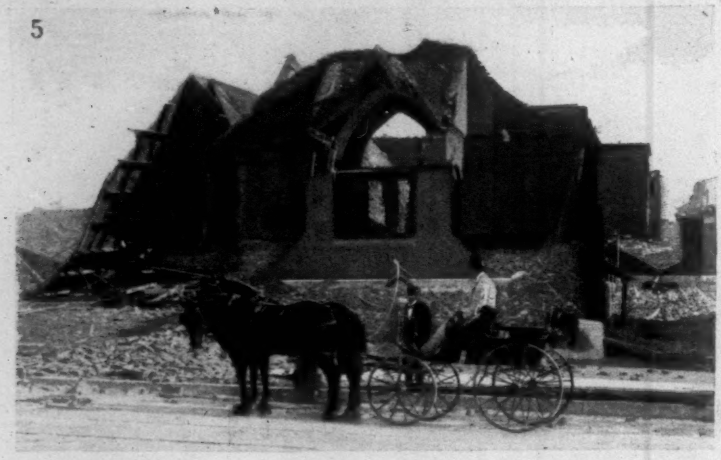

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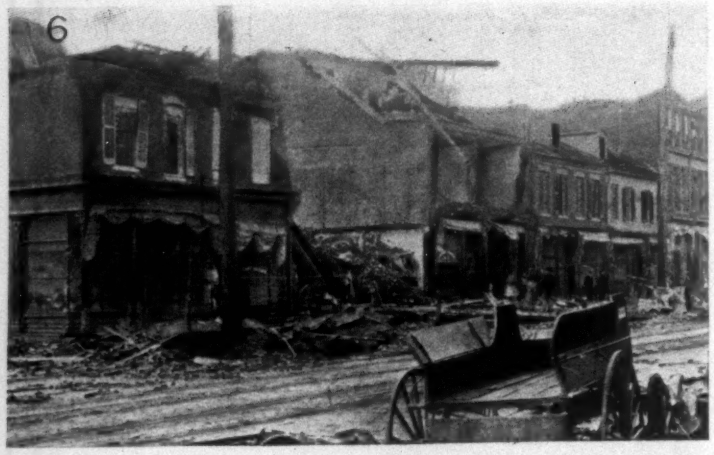

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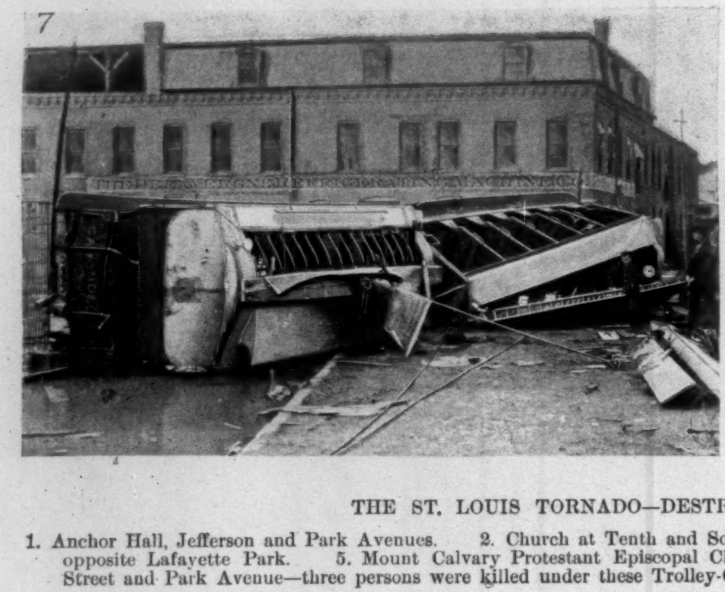

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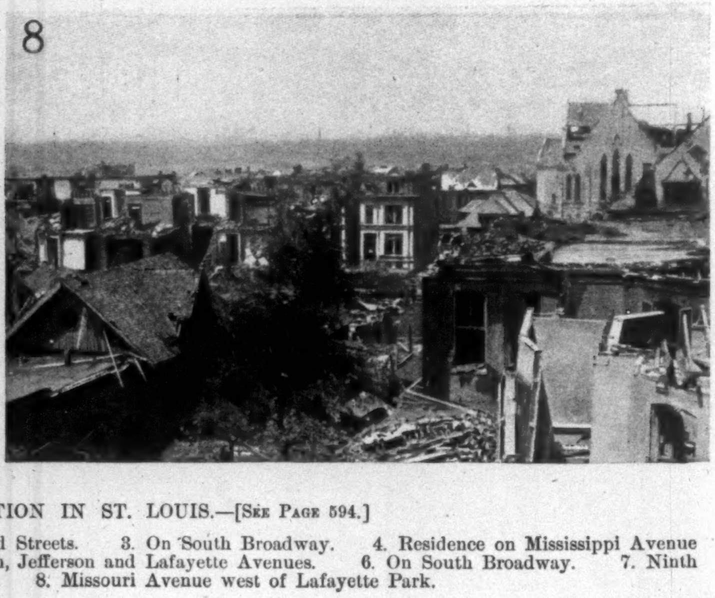


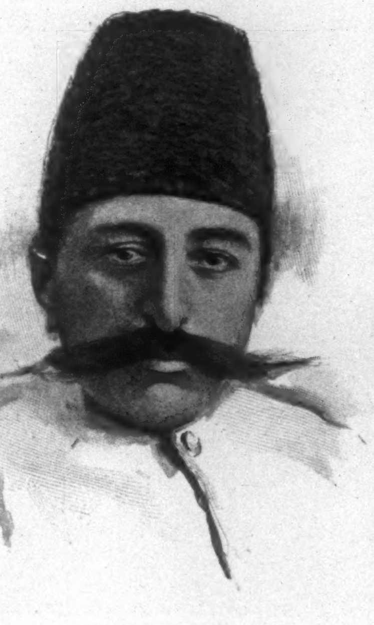
THE ST. LOUIS TORNADO—DESTRUCTION IN ST. LOUIS.—[See Page 594.]

1. Anchor Hall, Jefferson and Park Avenues. 2. Church at Tenth and Soulard Streets. 3. On South Broadway. 4. Residence on Mississippi Avenue opposite Lafayette Park. 5. Mount Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, Jefferson and Lafayette Avenues. 6. On South Broadway. 7. Ninth Street and Park Avenue—three persons were killed under these Trolley-Cars. 8. Missouri Avenue west of Lafayette Park.

THE NEW SHAH.

The assassination of the Shah of Persia, which had been attributed at first to motives of religious fanaticism, is represented by later despatches from Teheran as being the outcome of a revolutionary conspiracy. They say that the murderer Reza, a mollah, or religious student of the Moslem persuasion, is "a follower of a well-known agitator named Djemal-ed-Din, who was exiled from Persia in 1891 for subversive teachings." The accusation was probably correct, just as it is true that the same mollah Reza who killed Nassr-ed-Din had visited Djemal at Constantinople some days before the murder of the Shah. But the responsibility for the act cannot be laid upon the famous Mussulman agitator, who is an orator and a polemist, as shown by the many doctrinal articles he published in *L'Intransigeant*, of Paris, the paper of his old friend Rochefort, and who has never advocated assassination in his writings or his speeches.

The late Shah fell a victim to the feelings of vengeance entertained by the remaining followers of the Babism sect, which started, some forty years ago, a revolutionary movement of a social and religious character. The Babists were crushed by the troops of Nassr-ed-Din, and thousands of them suffered death, with accompaniment of frightful tortures. The sect was considered as thoroughly annihilated. But its surviving adherents could easily have recruited some fanatical adepts, like the mollah Reza, especially after dissatisfaction had been created in Persia by the granting of the tobacco monopoly to a British firm, so injurious to the Persian producers and consumers, and also by other measures, like the facilities offered clandestinely to the exportation of grain. This exportation is prohibited in Persia, as in Morocco, by the Mussulman tradition and by law. Lately frightful bread riots occurred in several cities of Iran, and they were suppressed only after bloody fights. The tobacco monopoly was withdrawn reluctantly by Nassr-ed-Din, who derived a large and regular income from it; but this withdrawal could not wipe out the anger of the Persians, all of whom, women and men, are constantly smoking, and who had been compelled to desist from it during six months, because their mollahs and ulemas had preached that the tobacco was contaminated through being handled by "Christian dogs."



MOZAFFER-ED-DIN,
Shah of Persia.

These leavens of discontent will be greatly attenuated by the horror which the murder of Nassr-ed-Din cannot fail to incite in the minds of the Persians; and it is already reported that the accession to the throne of the new Shah, Mozaffer-ed-Din, was accomplished without any difficulty, though he was far from the capital at the moment of his father's assassination. It seems also certain that his elder brother, Zeleh Sultan, Governor of Ispahan, will make no opposition, as by too hasty cable despatches it was intimated he would. The late Shah left three sons. The eldest, Prince Zeleh Sultan, was born from a mother not of royal blood, and consequently he could not, according to the Persian law, inherit the crown, unless no other son should be born to the Shah by a royal princess. Similar alarming rumors were prevailing at first in regard to the attitude of the third son of Nassr-ed-Din, Naïle es Sultaneh, who was Minister of War at the time of the assassination of his father, and who resided at Teheran, where he might, with the support of the army under his command, have taken possession of the crown. On the contrary, he hastened to announce the awful event to his brother, who was at Tauris, and to prepare him a splendid reception on his arrival at the capital.

The new Shah, Mozaffer-ed-Din, has therefore everything highly auspicious and in quiet condition on his assuming the government of Persia, and his own past history seems to be a guarantee that his administration of the "Empire of the Sun" will be prosperous and beneficent to the country. He was born in 1854, has been married for many years, and has several children. His manners are very quiet and simple; he dresses like his officers. He is a good Mussulman, but not a fanatic; his ideas are large, and his mind inquisitive. In his youth he had for tutor Mirza Nizam, one of the most brilliant pupils of the famous "École Polytechnique" of Paris, and also of the Mining School. The pupil and the tutor understood each other so well that the Mussulman clergy took umbrage at it, and the professor was sacrificed to their religious prejudices. He affected to be very friendly and submissive toward the Mussulman clergy, and also to be satisfied with the life of an exile, which, according to Persian usages, the heir-presumptive has to lead as governor of a province distant from the capital, Teheran, where his courtiers might be inclined to foster some of those palace revolutions so frequent in the Orient.

He married his first cousin, a daughter of Firouz Mirza, a woman of high intellect. Unfortunately her children died, and the three sons he has, being from women of low rank, cannot be his legitimate heirs. The new Shah, unlike his elder brother, Zeleh Sultan, has always shown himself a partisan of Russia, rather than of England. It is expected that he will keep the balance even between these two powers, each of which has been always endeavoring to establish its exclusive influence in the Persian Empire now ruled by the Shah Mozaffer-ed-Din.

FÉLIX AUCAIGNE.

AMERICANS IN TURKEY.

The position of a foreigner in Turkey is one not easily understood by those who are not familiar with Turkish history or the peculiar organization of the Turkish government. Originally the entire basis of Turkish rule is found in the Moslem law as set forth in the Koran and the traditions. This law has direct relations to Moslems alone. A non-Moslem, whether Christian, Jew, or pagan, has no standing before it whatever. He has no right to appear before its courts, to demand its protection, or to enter into any relations with it on terms implying equality. As a "giaour" he is not merely incompetent to stand on the same basis of rights as a Moslem, but he has no rights of any kind. He is an outcast in the fullest sense of the term. It became evident to the Moslem rulers at a very early date that to enforce such law was simply impracticable. There these infidels were, despite all efforts to bribe or to threaten them into the true fold. To kill them all was impossible. Moreover, it was not advantageous. The Christians and Jews were the carriers and bankers of the world. Moslem Caliphs, whether at Bagdad or Cairo, had no contempt for luxury, rather enjoyed it, and had no mind to deprive themselves of pleasure merely because some petty Venetians and Genoese preferred their absurd, if not blasphemous, Christianity. To secure the results of their enterprise, however, necessitated some sort of mutual arrangement. No Venetian galley would enter a Moslem port if to do so meant capture and confiscation. Thus arose conventions between the Caliphs of Egypt and the Italian states, about the eleventh century, in which the Moslem rulers found it for their advantage to set aside their peculiar Moslem law and to recognize a law of aliens.

The treaty between France and Turkey, signed in 1536, first formulated in clear terms the position which foreigners were to hold in the Sultan's domains, the particular clauses being termed Capitulations or Concessions. The idea, however, was less that of a grant through imperial clemency than a waiving of the distinctive Moslem idea in view of a situation foreign to the Sultan's principles, yet which he was glad to recognize and to do his part toward maintaining. Subsequent treaties with France, and then with all the Christian countries with which Turkey has come in contact, have been built upon this treaty, which in turn was but the expression of the principles already recognized by the Caliphs of Egypt and by the Turkish Sultans in their relations with their Christian subjects. Their provisions may be summarized as follows: (1) Permission for foreigners to enter the country, to travel and to reside in it, and to follow freely their own customs, social, civil, and religious; (2) exemption from personal tax; (3) subjection to the sole jurisdiction of their own consular authorities in all mutual suits, and in criminal and civil suits with the Turks the right to the presence and support of those authorities; (4) inviolability of domicile, no Turkish official having the right to enter a foreigner's dwelling-place, except with the authorization of the consul or ambassador.

Two points are to be specially noted—the inviolability of domicile, and the constant recognition of the right of religious worship. Both were perfectly natural, indeed inevitable, under the circumstances. The former was the only condition on which mutual intercourse was possible; the latter was in accord with what at that time, to Moslem and Christian alike, was the chief element in civil status. The Turk could not conceive of a man apart from his religion, and the expression of religion in the form of worship was to him as essential a part of his existence as the wearing of clothing or the eating of food. If foreigners were to be in Turkey at all, they must be amenable to their own authorities and exercise their own customs.

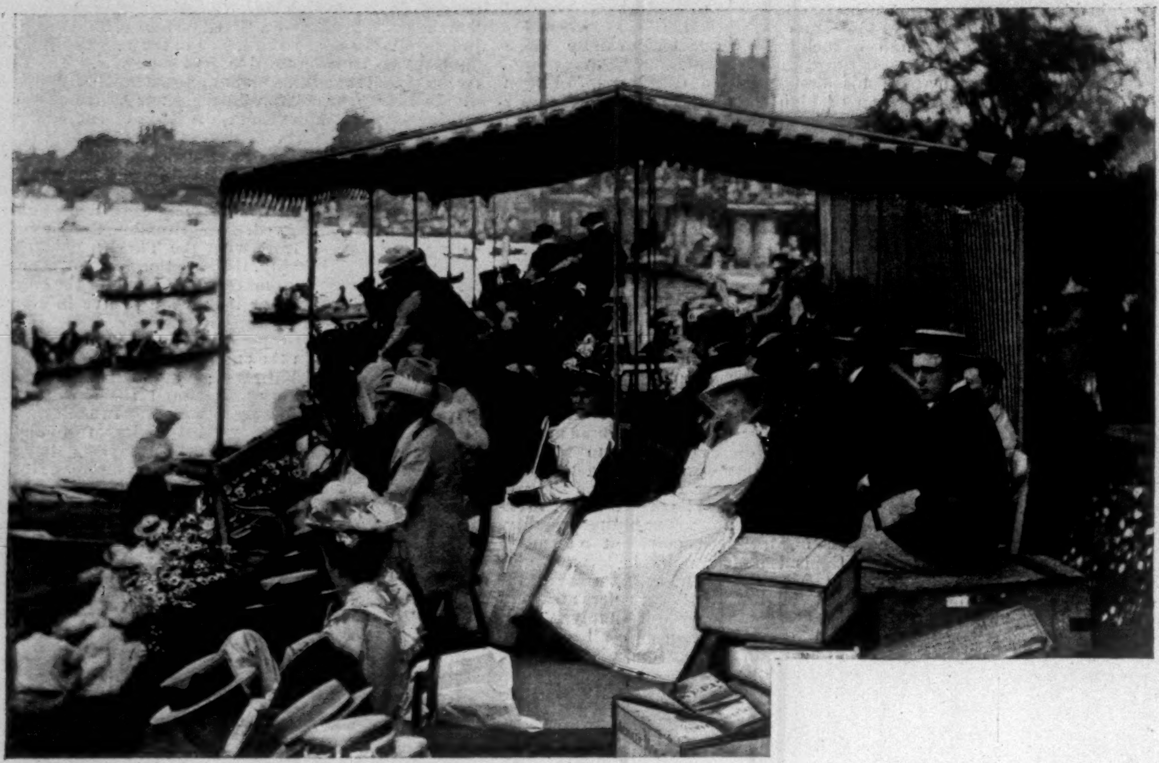
Up to the early part of the present century these arrangements continued without much change. When Mahmud II. came to the throne he realized that if Turkey was to hold her own with the European nations, she must adopt European methods. He reorganized the army and the administration of the provinces, and, perhaps most important of all, introduced the Code of Napoleon. His successors, Abdul-Medjid and Abdul-Aziz, followed in the same line, and when the present Sultan came to the throne he found himself at the head of a government organized just like any other government. There were the cabinet, the various departments, an army and a navy, a civil service, a judiciary—all the appurtenances of the best modern administration. It was natural that with its general advance the Turkish government should grow restive under the restraint of the Capitulations. It seemed to it derogatory to its dignity that foreigners should hold so anomalous a position, and repeated efforts were made to abridge the force of these clauses of the treaties, especially those containing the extra-territorial provisions. It was reasoned, and with some degree of plausibility, that the situation had materially changed; that the fact of the existence of the judicial system and the principle of executive responsibility made it no longer necessary to insist upon full inviolability of domicile and its attending rights.

This argument, however, was and is fallacious. It is true that the Code of Napoleon is the recognized law of the land. It is not true, however, that it is the actual and applied law of the land. In Constantinople, Smyrna, and some other cities it is enforced after a fashion, but in the greater part of the interior it is not merely a dead but an absolutely unknown letter. For this there is a number of reasons, but two are especially important. The most apparent is the utter lack of any adequate legal training for the bar and the bench. In the capital there is a legal fraternity, including some competent men—but they are mostly non-Moslems, either foreigners or natives, Greek or Armenian. Occasionally in the interior there is an Armenian or a Greek advocate, but there is no judge—at least none so educated in the very code he is to apply as to be able to give just decisions. The other reason is that, notwithstanding all that is said by some individual Moslems, notably Justice Amir Ali, who has been writing so much in the English reviews of late, it is practically impossible for a Moslem to grasp the idea of impartial justice between Moslems and Christians. As a matter of fact, no foreigner has any assurance whatever of justice or fair dealing in a Turkish court, except as he has the presence of a consular official to make sure that at least the forms of law are observed. The situation, thus, is practically very different from what the Turkish government claims it to be. In truth, the situation has not changed, and foreigners are in as much need as ever of the enforcement of the Capitulations if they are to live in security and to transact their business in peace.

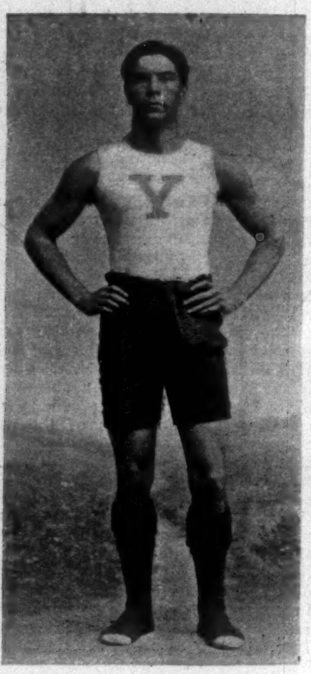
Two things thus become of pre-eminent importance to foreigners resident in the empire—(1) that they have consular authorities within reach; (2) that their consuls and ambassadors thoroughly understand the situation and have a clear idea as to how to meet it. In both these respects Americans, especially missionaries, are to-day singularly unfortunate. For seventy-six years they have been extending their residence in the empire. Not one word has been uttered, not a thing has been done by the Turkish government, to prevent their entrance into the country. Their work of education, of philanthropy, of religious teaching, has not only been permitted, it has been protected and even fostered by individual officials and the general government. They have uniformly obeyed the laws of the land; not one single instance can be found in which they have offered even indirect opposition to the most rigorous. They have sought by straightforward means to secure some changes, but they have never refused, or endorsed the refusal of, obedience. More than once bitter enemies have brought charges against them, which under examination have been proved false, and so acknowledged by the Turkish government. Yet the very conditions involved in the acceptance of the protocol with reference to the holding of real estate have not been as yet met by this government, or to only a very limited degree. While there are Americans resident in a large number of cities, owning a large amount of property, there is but one American consul in an inland city. Two others were appointed, but the Turkish government offered some difficulty, and before it American rights vanished; the consuls started out with flourish of trumpets and returned in silence. As one result, an American citizen, the Rev. George P. Knapp, of Bitlis, has been arrested by the Turkish government and transported to the seaboard, without even an opportunity for trial, on charges which the English consul, Hampson, who looked them over, characterized as the most barefaced and absurd forgeries. Property belonging to Americans in the cities of Kharput and Marash has been destroyed, the lives of American citizens threatened, and not a single man has been even brought before the Turkish courts to answer for any one of these most atrocious infractions of the plainest treaty rights. Not one of these things would have been done if the United States had been properly represented in the interior by the consuls it had appointed, and at Constantinople by an ambassador who understood the situation and was competent to meet it.

The situation is undoubtedly difficult. It requires tact and skill of an unusual quality to avoid the recourse to force. It is well known to those acquainted with Turkey that infinitely more can be accomplished by courtesy than by bluster. Diplomatic tact, acquaintance with the historical development of the Turkish government and character, appreciation of the opposing influences, internal and external, that affect not merely the cabinet, but the palace—all these are elements essential to success in dealing with the Sultan and his ministers. It is unfortunate that Minister Terrell, who for the past two years has represented this country at Constantinople, has not met these requirements. At first the suavity, ability, and ostentatious friendliness of the Turkish court made him its ardent admirer. Then when he became convinced of his mistake he was as severe in his condemnation. The natural result was that he lost all influence with the government to which he was accredited. Occasionally he would apparently carry a point, as in the case of the admission of the Red Cross agents, but that was due largely to other influences than those from the American Legation. On the other hand, the definite promise to him that Mr. Knapp should not be molested was broken as soon as he had left Constantinople on leave of absence. On the general question of the rights of Americans in the empire he was at direct issue with the citizens under his protection, and practically joined hands with the Turkish government in an effort to persuade them to waive those rights and to withdraw from the country. They were thus in a difficult position. They recognized his loyal Americanism, his perfect sincerity, and his earnest desire to see that strict justice was done. There was, however, a radical difference between them as to what constituted justice. Accordingly, when he came to this country one of the missionary body, the Rev. Henry O. Dwight, came also to set the case before the government at Washington. There was full consultation on two occasions. At one interview Mr. Terrell was present, and it was by mere accident that he was absent from the other. Throughout the whole discussion there was the most cordial recognition of his good purpose, but an equally clear statement of the reasons why it was for the best interests of all concerned that he should yield to some one else.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Terrell will recognize the situation and withdraw. Should he do so, there is more than one man eminently fitted for the place. But the one to whom all who have been acquainted with the history of American relations with Turkey will turn at once is the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, of this city. Mr. Straus has had experience at Constantinople, and while there won the unstinted admiration and confidence of both governments and of all classes of citizens. If any man can solve the perplexing problem at the Turkish capital and bring order out of the confusion, it is he. If the present situation continue, we may find ourselves compelled to use force or to submit to disgrace. The Legation at Constantinople should be held by the best man available, and the best man unquestionably is Mr. Straus.

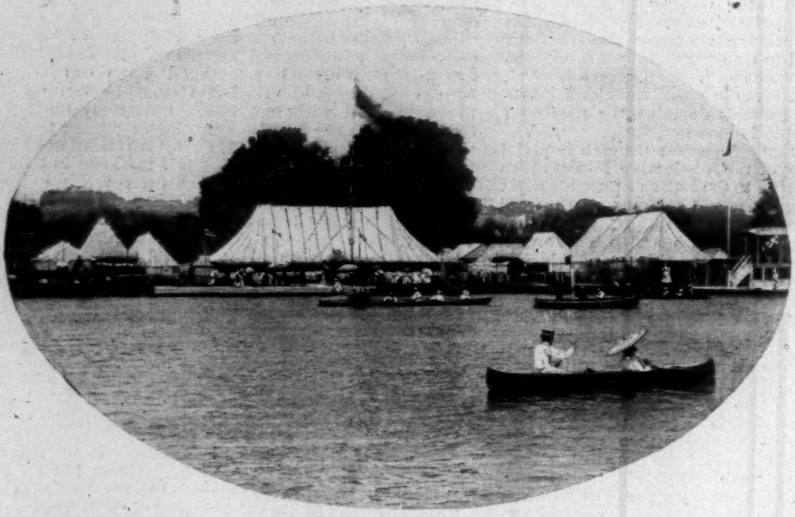


A COLLEGE BARGE.



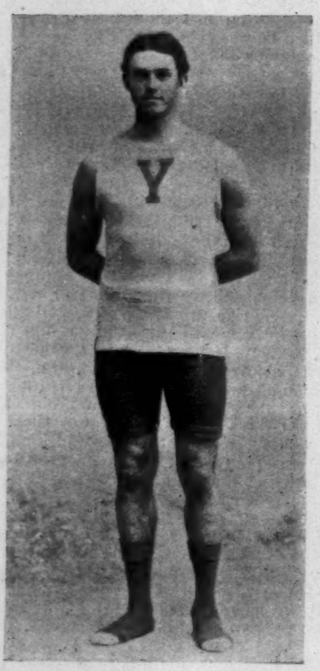
JAMES H. SIMPSON, '97.
Bow. Age, 21 Years. Height, 5 Feet 10½ Inches. Weight, 160 Pounds.

ALEXAND
No. 2. Age
1 Inch.

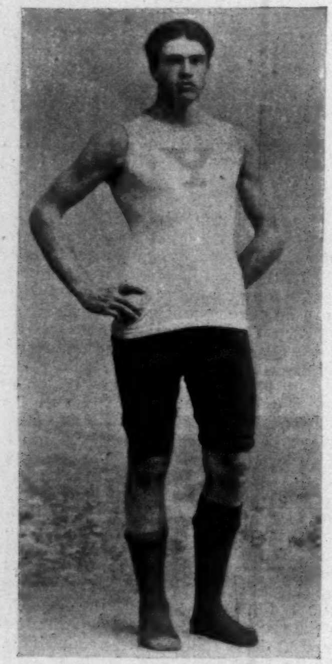


THE ISTHMIAN CLUB ENCLOSURE.

THE CREW IN THE

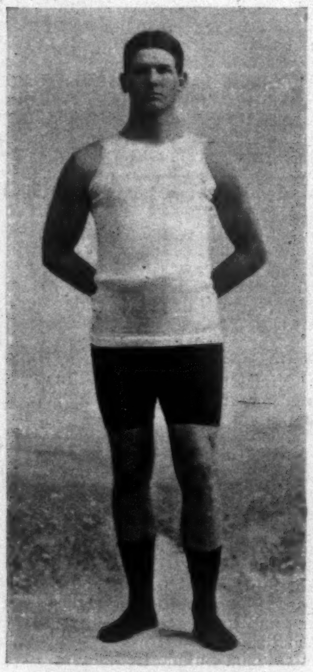


RALPH B. TREADWAY, '96, CAPT.
No. 7. Age, 22 Years. Height, 5 Feet 11 Inches. Weight, 174 Pounds.



GEORGE LANGFORD, '97, S.
No. 8. Age, 19 Years. Height, 6 Feet 1½ Inches. Weight, 173 Pounds.

THOMAS L. CLARKE, '97.
Cockswain. Age, 21 Years. 5 Feet 3 Inches. Weight, 115 Pounds.



PAUL D. MILLS, '97.
Substitute. Age, 19 Years. Height, 5 Feet 10½ Inches. Weight, 173 Pounds.

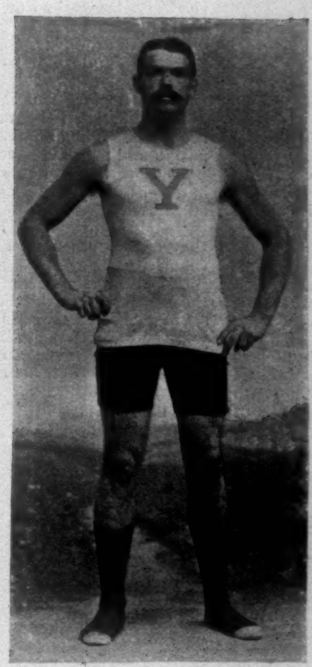
GEORGE T. MARSH, '9
Substitute. Age, 20 Years. H
6 Feet. Weight, 172 Poun

YALE'S HENLEY CREW—HOW THE RACES ARE VIEWE

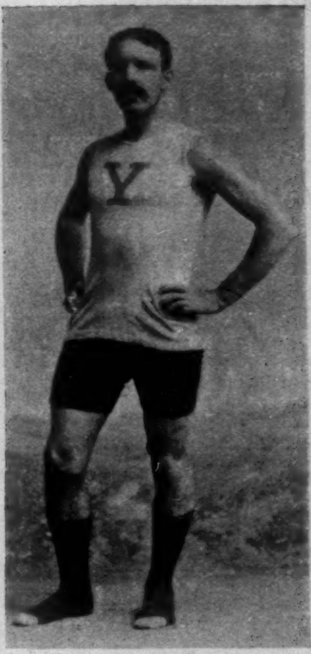
EXANDER BROWN, JUN., '96.
2. Age, 22 Years. Height, 6 Feet
1 Inch. Weight, 168 Pounds.

WILLIAM M. BEARD, '96.
No. 3. Age, 20 Years. Height, 5 Feet
8⅛ Inches. Weight, 183 Pounds.

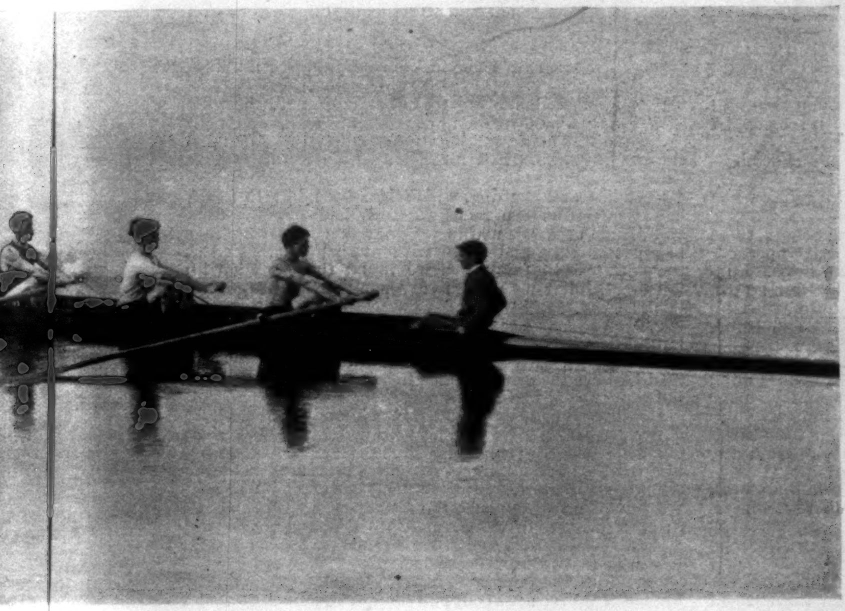
JAMES O. RODGERS, '98.
No 4. Age, 21 Years. Height, 6 Feet.
Weight, 185 Pounds.



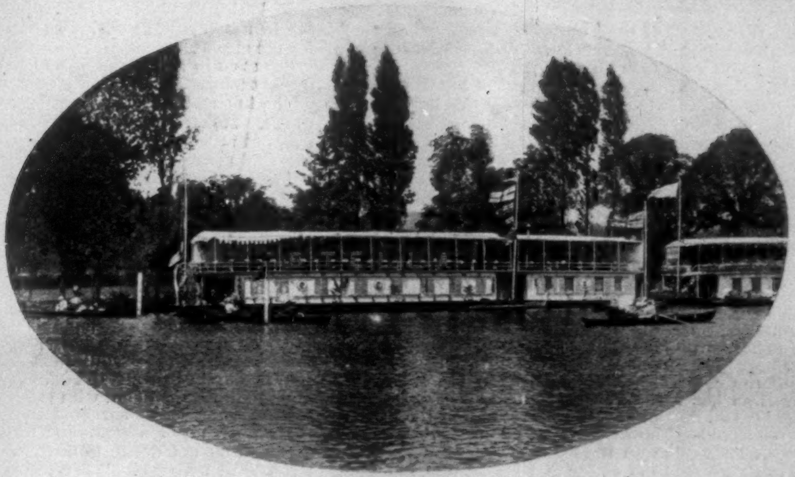
PHILIP H. BAILEY, '97.
No. 5. Age, 22 Years. Height, 6 Feet.
Weight, 175 Pounds.



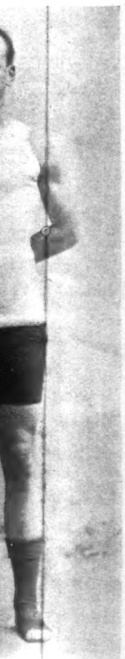
JOHN M. LONGACRE, '96.
No. 6. Age, 22 Years. Height, 6 Feet.
Weight, 182 Pounds.



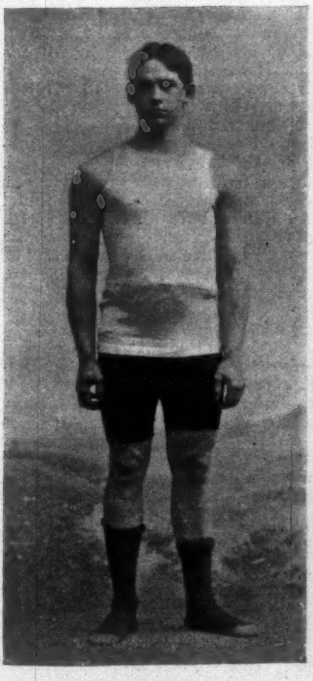
N THEIR RACING SHELL.



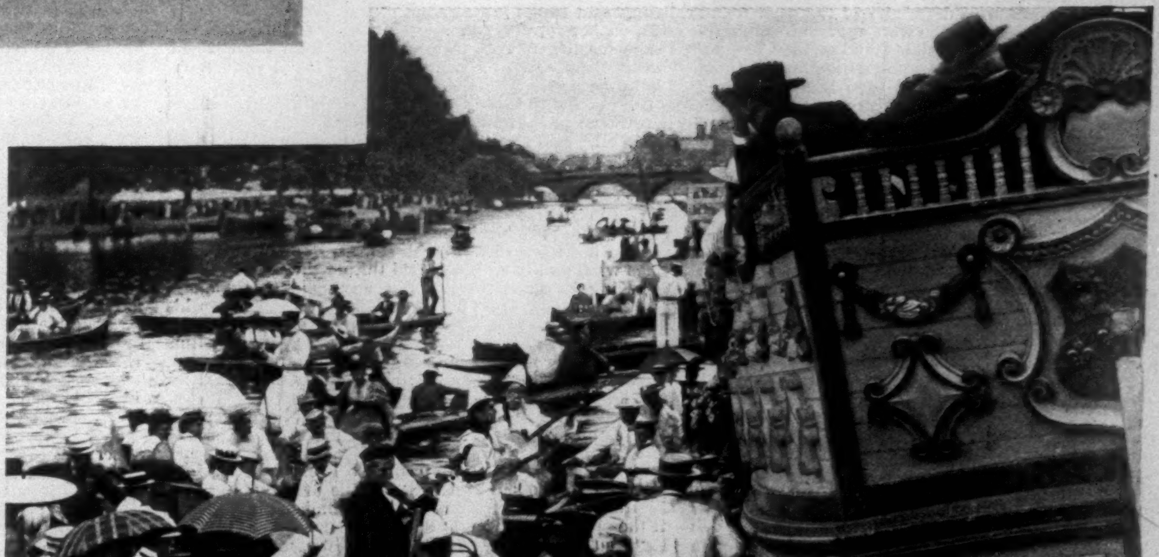
A HOUSE-BOAT.



ARSH, '98.
Years. Height,
172 Pounds.



PAYNE WHITNEY, '98.
Substitute. Age, 19 Years. Height, 5 Feet
10⅛ Inches. Weight, 170 Pounds.



BETWEEN RACES.

IEWED ON THE THAMES.—[See “Amateur Sport,” Page 597.]

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PLACE OF THE LEGION OF DEVILS.

WHEN I woke it was exceedingly dark, but a darkness with shooting lights and hideous sounds. At the first start I thought that I was dead and in the place of torment. And when I grew a little more awake I wished to God that I had been. For all about me were swart naked men and harpy-clawed women dancing, while on a cask or keg at my head sat John Muir, wrapped in his cloak, and regarding me with gloating baleful eyes.

Then I knew that I was lost indeed. For by the flickering light of a dying fire of drift-wood I could see that I was again in the cave of Sawny Bean, in the wide with the strange narrow hams a-swing on the roof, the tubs of salt meat under the eaves, and the wild savage crew dancing about me.

What wonder that my heart fainted within me to be thus left alone in the house of hideous things, and to think of the free birds going to their beds on the cliffs above me, and the fishing solemne geese going balancing home to the lonely rock of Ailsa.

"Ha, Sir Launcelot Kennedy," said a mocking voice, as the deafening turmoil quieted a little, "you are near your honors now—that is, if there be such bauble honors either in heaven or hell. The treasure of Kelwood in hand, John Muir's life out of hand—and there on the shelf as it were are your broad acres and your bonny lady!"

I was silent, for I knew that nothing could avail me now. It was useless to waste words.

"But ere all that comes to pass," he went on, "there are sundry little formalities to go through. Oh, we are right dainty folk here in Sawny Bean's mansion. You shall be kept warm and tenderly cherished. There are here twenty sonsier queans than the one whose breast you desire. Warmly shall they welcome, sweetly shall they cherish, handsome Sir Launcelot. Their embracements shall sting you more than all raptures."

Again he pauses to observe the effect of his words.

"You that held me in chase like a steer that has escaped from the shambles—now you yourself are in the thrills. You that have crossed me a thousand times in my plans in Sir Thomas Nisbett's yard in Maybole, you shall be crossed in a new fashion. You that wagged tongue so merrily at another's expense, you shall see your tongue wag upon the red-hot brands to another tune.

"You that have ridden so fast and so far, you shall ride your last ride slowly, very slowly," cried the fiend in my ear, "for I shall hoard every drop of your blood as John of Cassillis hoards his gold rose nobles. I shall husband every minute of your life as though they were the hours of bridal content.

"You have bruised my old face indeed, but I will cherish yours, that is useful and blooming. Tenderly shall we take off the coverture of hide, the tegument of beauty. Sawny Bean has famous skill in such surgery. Gently will we lay you down in the swarming nest of the patient ant. We have read how Scripture bids us go to the ant. I have ofttimes come on the passage at family worship. And I must see that the young and headstrong, like you, my Lord Launcelot, give heed to that which is commanded."

But in spite of all his terrible threatenings I lay still and answered him never a word. They had laid logs upon the fire, the whole inside of the cave grew bright and clear, and all the monstrous deformity of the women and the cruel hideousness of the men were apparent as in daylight. Some of them were painted and stained like demons, and danced and leaped through the fire like them too. For such monsters have not been heard of, much less seen, in the history of any country as Sawny Bean and his crew in the cave upon the sea-shore of Benanbrack.

"Bring me a knife," cried John Muir from where he sat. For he was like the chief devil among a company of gibbering lubber fiends. He had still his gray cloak about him. His plumed hat was upon his head, and he looked, save for the eyes of him, in which the fires of hell burned, a civil, respectable, well-put-on man of means and substance. As, indeed, save for his ill deeds he might have been. For he came of as good a family as the Earl of Cassillis, or, as it might be, as I, Launcelot Kennedy of Kirrieoch myself.

So when Auchendrayne asked for a knife Sawny Bean himself, a ruffian kemper, low-browed, buck-toothed, and inhuman, brought it to him with a grin. He made as if he would have set it in me to the hilt. But John Muir stayed him.

"Bide," he said; "not so fast. There is long and sweet pleasuring to come before that—such slow relishing delight, such mouse-play of the brindled cat, such luxurious tiger-licking of the delicate skin till it be raw, such well-conceited dainty torments as when one would bite his love and be glad of it. He shall taste them all, this frolic squire of errant-dames, this gamesome player upon pipes, this curious handler of quaint love tunes. Ere we pluck the red rose of his life he shall sate himself with delicious experience, rarer than the handling of many maidens' hair."

I was moved to speak to him.

"I ask not mercy," said I, "for I own that I should have killed you if I could. But as you are a valiant man, give me a sword and let me make a stand for it against you all, that as I have lived, so I may also die, fighting."

But he mocked me, hurrying on in his heady turmoil of words.

"'If I be a man'—who said that I was a man? Do I act as other men? Is my knowledge like that of other men? Do I company with other men? Call you that a man?" (He pointed to Sawny Bean, who, for wantonness, sat on an upturned tub, striking with a knife at the legs of all that came by, storming at them meantime with horrid imprecations to come nearer and be flicked.) "Or call you these men?" (He showed me the younger cannibal race gnawing like kennelled dogs at horrid bones.) "Nay, my dainty wanton, you shall not enter hell through the brave brattle of warring blades, nor yet handling your blade like a morris-dancer, but as the blood drained to the white from the calf, so shall they whiten your flesh for the tooth, and so reluctantly shall your life drip from you."

And I declare that this fiend telling me of the tortures in choice words made me scunner more than the prick of the knife. The abhorred invention quickened the imagination and set the nerves agate.

So that I was honestly glad when he took knife in hand—a shoemaker's curved knife, with a keen cutting edge.

"Strip him naked!" he cried. And very cheerfully so they did. Smiting me the mean time with the broad of their hands.

Then John Muir leaned over me delicately, and made as though he would have traced the jointing of my limbs, saying, "Thus and thus shall the she-tribe dismember your body." And again, "Here is toothsome eating, Sawny, thou chief lover of dainty vivers."

Then, as the evil man went on with his pitiless jestings, his gray cloak began to waver before me, his face to glow like fire, and I fainted or dwaumed away till the sharp knife pricked me to consciousness again.

Yet he overdid his threatening, for the over-sharp relish of the words issued in tranced dulness ere the matter came to action. And of torture there was none that I can now remember or bear the mark of, save only the scores of the knife which he made when he showed me where they would joint and haggle my body.

Indeed, I mind no more till I came to myself sitting up and finding the cave all empty save for John Muir, who sat, as before, with his hand to his ear listening.

There was a great and furious uproar down by the cave mouth, the deep baying of blood-hounds, the fierce cry of many voices striving for mastery, the shriek of the smitten.

Surely, I thought, there is a battle fierce and fell at the cave's mouth. John Muir sat and listened for a long space, and presently he looked at me.

"I will even make sure of him, come what may," he said.

And with that he took the knife and came near to smite me in the throat, and I lay as one dead already, waiting for the stroke.

But even in that moment, as I held my breath, a ravening hound darted within the cave, overleaped the embers of the fire, and pinned the murderer to the earth by the throat. He struck out desperately, but the dog held him fast. Another and another came in, till, as it seemed, he was in danger of being torn to pieces of dogs.

But me they minded not at all, for I lay as one dead.

This is the story of the chase as Nell told it to me when all was over.

As they looked from the shore towards the south, there in the distance was John Muir on his horse disappearing into the wood, and I (as it seemed) at his very heels. Both of us were leaning far forward, like men that ran a race. And because she knew that I carried no equipment with me, Nell leaped upon a horse, with a sword laid before her crosswise on the saddle.

Whereupon I turned to Nell and called her the bravest maid in broad Scotland, with other names as I could mind them. But she set her head aside, and would give me nothing (though I was minded for kissing), but said only: "If you do not desire to hear the tale, then I am saved the fash of telling it. 'Tis no time for fooling," said she, "when I am speaking of the saving of your life."

"Nell," said I (for I was nettled at her indifference), "thou art an unseasoned lass, skilless in love's mysteries."

"I want none of Kate Allison's love-skilling at second hand," said Nell, harking back like a pretty shrew, as she was, on her former taunts. "Since ye are so wise, unriddle me the manner of your saving from the cave of Sawny Bean, and I am content to yield me to your teaching in the mysteries."

But even with this fair promise I could not, but desired her instead to continue her tale-telling.

"Well," said she, "Robert Harburgh it was who next after me took horse, and not far behind either. For he had but to disentangle the bridle from his arm, while I had to beguile another to lend me his horse.

"So in a little we were all after you, and we took the wood in the very place you entered. But naught could we find but the trail of you all confused among the trees. Then what a chasing hither and thither there was! Even the King searched for you like any common man, and puffed and blew upon his cheeks like the Dominie on his pipes. And he that had been our companion, the Dominie, went about everywhere, seeking, and saying each time that he came near to me, 'Reckless loon, reckless loon, well he deserves to be unbreeched and soundly paid for this hardiness.'

"Then we had utterly lost you, and I believe they had given up the search. But I minded me of the dogs that James of Chapeldonnan keeped for his own purposes, which I had seen his wife feed. So I told the Earl John of them, and he had James Bannatyne brought, and bade him bring them to set on the trail, promising him his life if the matter was brought to a safe issue.

"And so Robert Harburgh and a few swords were sent to Chapeldonnan with James Bannatyne, with his life upon it if he played them false, and Robert Harburgh's sword near his ribs each time that he faltered or did not remember. And the good wife, seeing her man in such deadly case, came back herself to plead with the King for him.

"So the Chapeldonnan pack was laid on the trail, and fine hounds they were. But so soon as I heard the first deep bay, as with noses on the ground they took the line of the shore, it went to my heart that since you were the last to enter the wood the dogs would first seize you. So I cried a word to Robert Harburgh, and we two that loved you spurred horses and sped on wellnigh level with the dogs.

"And through all the windings and wimples of your path we followed, till we came to the shore, where, together with the King's oaken staff which had been in your hand, we found the place all trampled with naked feet and stains of blood. So we traced you across the shore grass to the sand and from the sand into the sea with the company of bare feet and on the stains of blood.

"Then for a moment I knew not what to think. But Marjorie, my sister, cried out, 'It is the vile wretches of Sawny Bean's band that have taken him to the Cave of Death.'

"Then I remembered that the entrance to the cavern was among the rocks, and yet because of the gladness that was in our hearts when we issued forth, I had taken no very great pains to remember the place. Nor was the Dominie aught the wiser. For he had been so intent on blowing upon his pipes. But Marjorie minded better than any of us the cleave in the rocks, and showed us to a nearness where the cave entrance was. But the tide had flowed in, and we had to wait and calm our impatience till it went back again ere we could follow into the cave mouth. But by this time it was dark, so that the men-at-arms had to find torches and set them alight.

"Thus with the torches blazing and the smoke wavering red overhead we went along the wet edge of the sea. But the tide had washed away all trace of blood and feet. Up and down the coast we wandered, trying every covert. And for our lives we could not hit upon the cave's entrance. The dogs ran yelping and nosing here and there, but nothing came of it.

"Then Earl John and the King himself threatened James Bannatyne to reveal the place. But he denied that he had any knowledge of the cave. And whether he spoke truth or no I cannot say. But his wife went to the King, and holding the bridle rein, she said: 'Well do I ken, your Majesty, my man's life is forfeit, but he is my husband. And at least, so far as it concerns him and me, betwixt barn door and bed-stock I can rule him as a wife should. Gin I persuade him to lead you to the spot, will ye on your word promise me my ain man's life?'

"So the King promised, though Earl John hung a little on the form of the words. Then went the Goodwife of Chapeldonnan to her husband. And what she said to him I know not, for they spake privily and apart. But though at first he shook his head and denied, as I could see, that he had any knowledge of the Cave of Death, yet in a little while he took some other thought and ran forward to grip one of the dogs.

"Then James Bannatyne went forward with us all hot-foot after him, with the torches and the swords."

"And you also, Nell," said I. "Were you lurking it with the men-at-arms? and which had you, a sword or a torch?"

"I had both," said Nell Kennedy, shortly. And went on with her tale as if she had been speaking of milking-stools.

"And James Bannatyne took the dog into all the wide cave mouths and made him smell the walls and floor above the tide-mark, talking to the brute all the time and encouraging him. But for a long time it was still in vain.

"At last another dog, which had been left to itself, bayed out from the rocks, where it had found a dark and dismal archway with a pool of water in it, which we had passed time and again without suspicion. And at the entrance to this place we found the hound, with tail erected, baying up the cave mouth at the edge of a pool.

"Then so soon as James Bannatyne brought in his well-taught dog, it began to smell forth with erected ears and bristling hair. Presently it swam away into the water. And because the men hesitated to go after the beast, I took the water to show them the way."

Hearing which, I had made my acknowledgments.

But Nell said: "No, no; hear my tale first.

"Then with me there came Robert Harburgh, and after him the Earl and all his company with torches. The water proved shallow, and after many turns and windings we came to a wide place, the same beach with sand and dripping fingers of stone where we had first found ourselves. And here we passed the remains of our boat, for it was to this point that we had rowed that night when we took refuge in the lion's den. The savages had mostly broken it up for firewood, but enough remained so that I knew it again.

"But ere the men-at-arms had time to gather behind us, a host of wild creatures armed with stones, knives, and sheath-whittles burst upon us, yelling like demons of the pit. Women also, some half clad, and some wholly without cleading. And then and there was a fight such as you, Launce, love to tell about, but I have no skill in. For the men-at-arms shot, and we that had but swords struck, while the wild folk shouted and the savage women bit and tore with their nails till the cavern was full of confused noise and the red reek of burning torches. But ever as the slain rolled among our feet they gripped to pull us down, so that in the intervals of his fighting Robert Harburgh went hither and thither making siccar, with a *coup de grace* for each poor clawing wretch.

"And in the narrow doorway through which you found the way stood the chief himself, with his eyes fiery red, and his hair about his face. He gripped a mighty axe in his hand, and stood ready to cleave all that came. The men hesitated at his fearsome aspect. And it is small wonder. But I knew that there was no other way to the innermost cave, so I cried to them to overpass the rabble and drive forward at all hazards.

"How it came about I know not, but a moment after I found myself opposite to Sawny Bean himself and engaging him with your sword—just for all the world as if it had been in the armoire-room of Culzean on a rainy day, and you were again teaching me the fence of blade against Lochaber axe. But though I had not forgotten my skill, doubtless the giant had made an end of me, for he struck fiercely every way. But sudden as the heathcat springs on the hill, the Dominie leaped upon him and drove his sword into his heart. So that Sawny Bean fell with Dominie Muir upon his breast. Then because he was not able to pull out his sword again, being too close, the Dominie gripped his dagger and struck again and again, panting, and between each blow he cried out the name of the lass he had lost—'Mary Torrance! Mary Torrance!'

"Then it was that the hounds overleaped the two of them in the arch and sprang on, and after them came Robert Harburgh and I. We entered the place of death. The dogs were mouthing and gripping the Gray Man. But you lay naked upon the sand, as it had been dead."

This was the matter of Nell's tale, and I will now tell mine own part in it, from the time at which the dogs gripped my remorseless enemy, and, as it had been, the life went out from me.

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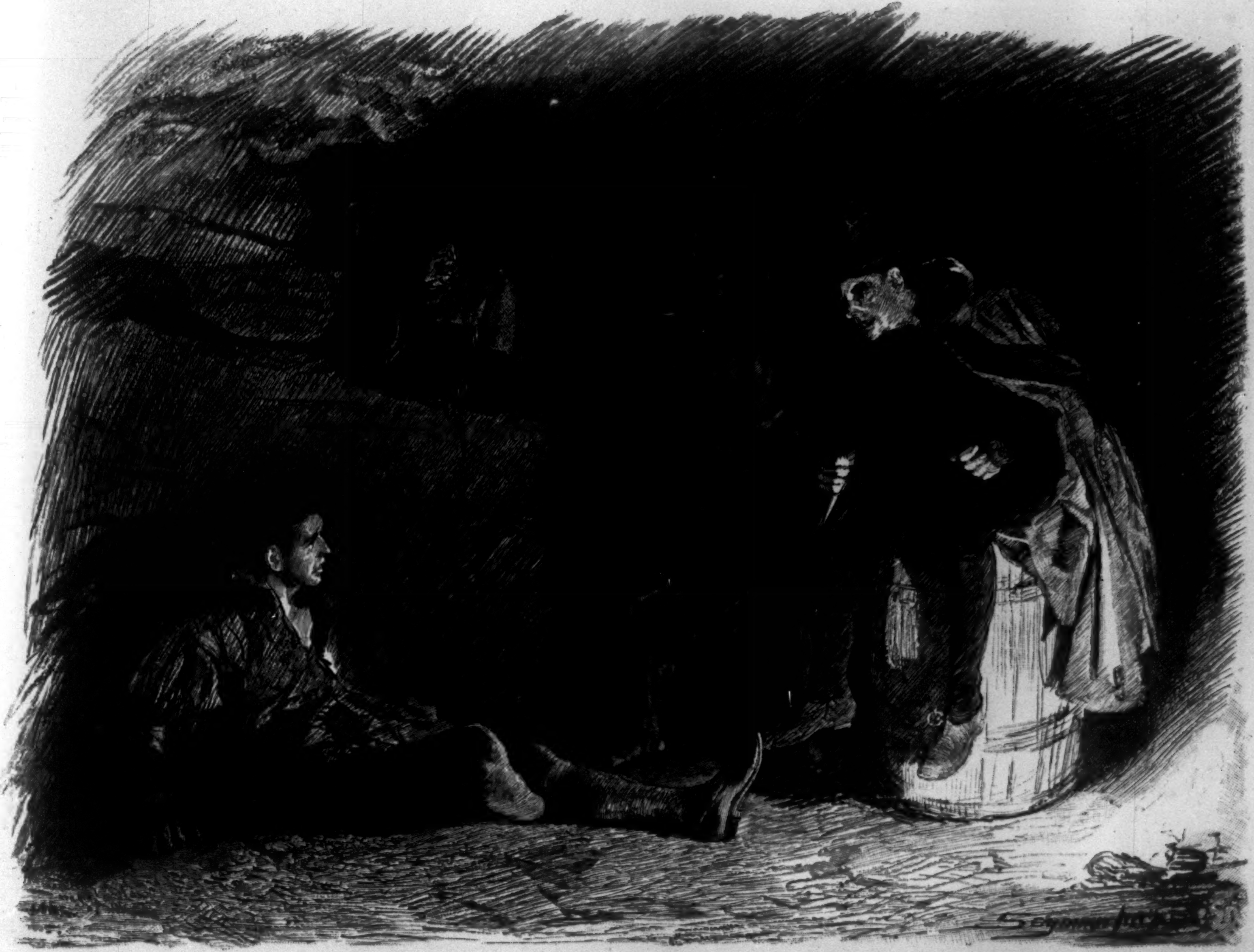
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.



"THIS FIEND TELLING ME OF THE TORTURES IN CHOICE WORDS MADE ME SCUNNER MORE THAN THE PRICK OF THE KNIFE."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE FINDING OF THE TREASURE OF KELWOOD.

WHEN I came to myself the cave was filled with armed men and the confused clamor of swords. The torches spluttered and reeked, and I could feel that I was covered with a woman's cloak wrapped well about me. Some one was binding up my head. And as she looked about to see if all were rightly done I saw that it was Nell Kennedy. So I called her softly by her name.

But she bade me not try to rise. And looked again to my head, to see that it had no serious wound.

Then came John the Earl and asked how I did. Whereupon, minding to have Old Time by the forelock, I spoke of his promise.

"Here," I said, "is the murderer, John Muir. Here is the gang of monsters, and now I will put you in the way of obtaining the treasure of Kelwood if you will fulfil the promise which you made to me."

"What was that?" he said, shortly. For though Earl John liked promising well enough, he was not so fond of performing if it cost him aught, as in this case it was like to do.

"My sweetheart there, my knighthood, and a down-sitting of land," said I, knowing that it was now or never with me.

Then he demurred a little, and hesitated, so that for a moment I thought all was lost.

"Your sweetheart you shall have," he said, at last, "but the others are not in my gift, save a holding of land, perhaps, which I can let for a trifling return when it falls vacant."

And so rejoiced was I to think of getting my lass that I might have consented to this; but Nelly was behind me, and upon pretence of arranging a knot of the band upon my forehead, she whispered in my ear, "Threat him with telling the King about the treasure."

So I obeyed her.

"Well, then, Earl John," said I, "if that be so, and a knighthood and suitable heritages are not in your power to give, here at hand is the King. Give me leave to speak with him. He is fond of treasure, and I can put one under his hand."

"Hush!" said the Earl, looking about him with apprehension, for the King was yet in the place with Mar and Lennox, ordering the taking down and burying of the strange white narrow hams and the other things that turned the folk that came with him pale and sick only to look upon them.

"Hush!" he said, again; "above all things beware what you say to the King. Show the treasure to myself alone, and you shall have Barrhill—aye, and all Minnochside from the Rowantree to the forks of Trool; and I will even speak to the King about the knighting."

"Will your lordship please to declare it before witnesses?" said I, Nell prompting me as before, for my head was dazed. But hers was clear.

So he called to him certain honorable men of his name and promised faithfully. "Are you content?" said he.

So I said: "Nelly, show them the treasure. Here is the key."

And she rose and took them to the box, which, by the blessing of God, sat still where we had left it in the recess. And she fitted the key in the lock, and it turned without a sound. And there the Earl bathed his hands in the set jewels, the loose stones of price, and the coined money, plashing them through his fingers with a sound like a spout of water, till, for fear of the King, I advised him to close it again.

"It is worth the bargain," said he, "though I am sorry to have given away fair Minnochside. I trow it was woman's wit that guided you in the asking, and not that thick bandaged head-piece of thine, Launcelot Kennedy."

But I answered not, knowing how to leave well alone when a man is well pleased. So the Earl placed Robert Harburgh to guard the chest, and to lie concerning it if any of the King's men should come near, saying that it was but foulness appropriate to the den.

But none came, and there was the treasure of Kelwood conquest forever to the family of Cassillis.

As for Sawny Bean's monstrous brood, is it not recorded they were carried through the country to Edinburgh, and as they went the folk flocked in from leagues away to see and execrate them? They were hurried to the sands of Leith, where, without process of trial or pleading, and in the manner prescribed for such as they, they were executed as enemies to the human race in general.

Thus, mainly through my instrumentality, was the country rid of a monstrous foul blot, though I deny not that Dominie Muir and Nell Kennedy helped well. Yet the most part of the credit was rightly given to me, who had twice adventured into the Cave of Death, though, as I admit, on both occasions against my will.

Once more the City of Edinburgh swarmed with Kennedys, come thither to the great trial. There had not been so great a concurrence of Westland folk in Edinburgh since the memorable day when Bargany cleaned the causeway of us of the house of Cassillis, for which afterwards we were one and all put to the horn, to our great and lasting honor, as hath been related.

At the West Port I met Patrick Rippitt, he who had taunted Benane at the Maybole snowballing.

"Whither is your eye gone?" I asked him. For he had a patch where his left eye should have been.

"A loon pyked it oot and offered it to me back on the end of his rapier," said Patrick Rippitt, with unconcern.

"And what said ye to him?" I asked of him. For he was not a man to take a jest (and such a jest) knowingly.

"Faith, I juist bertered him fair. I offered him his heart on the point of mine," said Rippitt, and strolled away, ogling the snooded maids at the windows of the high lands as best he could with the orb which was left to him.

I was walking with my father at the time. He had ridden the long way from Kirrieoch on a white pony, all to pleasure my mother.

"Ye maun gang and hear the laddie gie his evidence," she bade him. "They will pyke him to deid else amang thae Edinburgh men o' the law. They are no canny. Sae lang as Lannce gets striking at them that fight with the steel I ken he is safe and sound. For his hand can e'en keep his head, as a Kennedy's ever should. But wha kens what they may do my laddie when he stands afore the justicers, and the lawyer loons come at him wi' their quips and quandaries?"

"Faith, then, good wife, ye shall come to. And thou and I shall ride to Edinburgh like joes that are newly wed."

And though at first she denied, yet at the last she consented, well pleased enough, having a desire to purchase garmentry more suitable for the wife of a laird and the mother of one who was to be made a knight.

When my mother went out for the first time she held up her hands and exclaimed at the noise and bustle of the High Street—the soldiers who were forever marching in companies with drums and pipes, the lasses that went hither and thither with a shawl about their heads, and bandied compliments — and such compliments — with swashbucklers and rantipole prentice lads. "The limmers, they need skelping," said my mother, "for a' that they carry their heads so high, and their kirtles higher than their heads!"

"Surely not that," said my father.

"But aye," continued my mother, not heeding him in her press of speech, "such hair-brained hempies wad be dookit on Saturday in every decent country, and set on the black stool of repentance ilka Sabbath day. I wonder what the King and the ministers o' Edinburgh can be thinkin' o'?"

It was, however, for most of us a long and weary waiting ere in the town of Edinburgh the High Court of Justiciary was ripe for the hearing of the case against the Muirs. The whole west country was there.*

And many a face was joyous as were ours, and eke many were sad and lowering. For it is strange that such ill men should have some to love them; or at least so it was with John Muir the Elder. And so there were Muirs by

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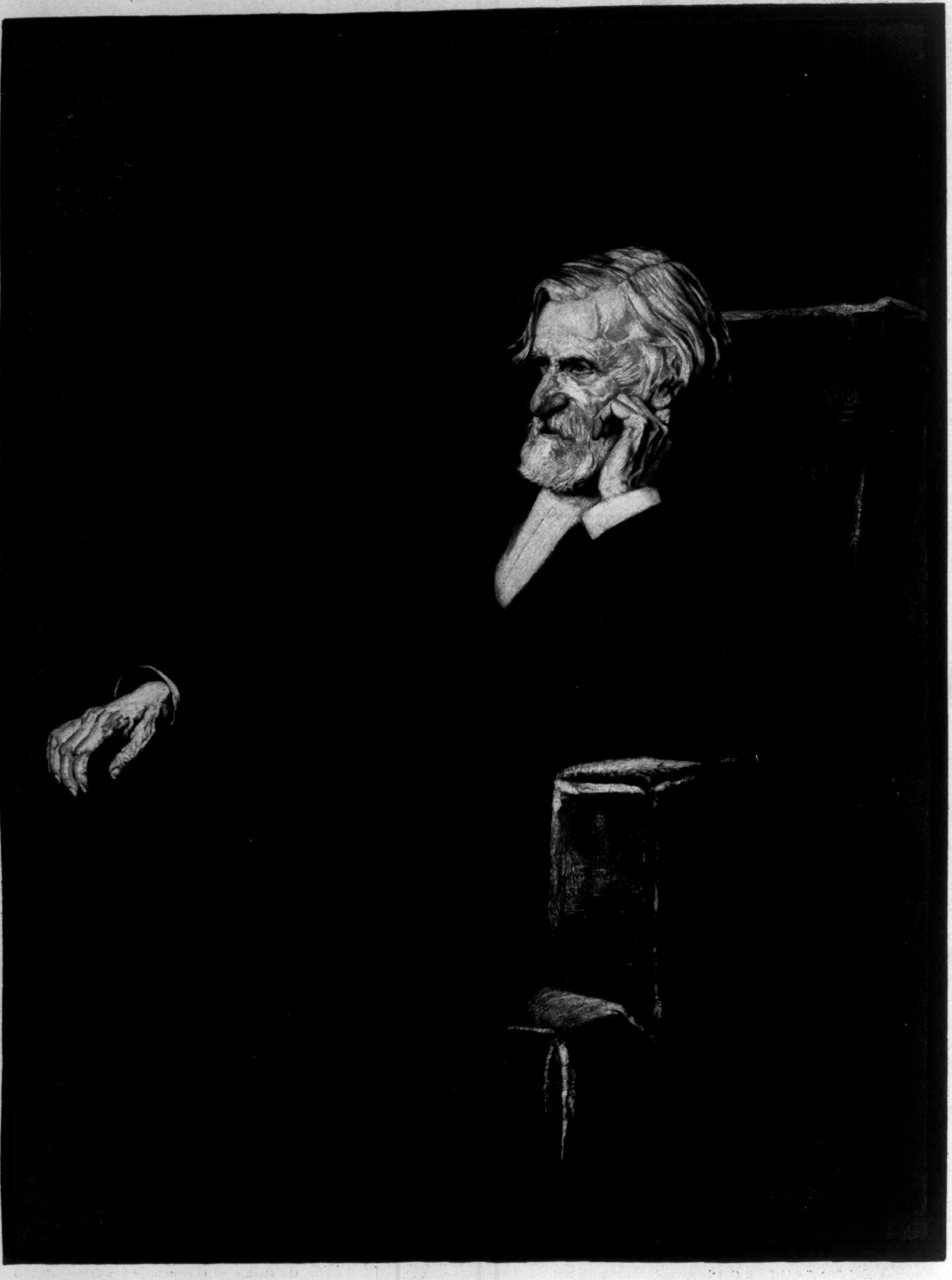
* Sir Launcelot Kennedy, of Palgowan and Kirrieoch, appears somewhat to have confused the data of the first and second trials of John Muir of Auchendrayne. Indeed, weakness in chronology is common to his history and to the contemporary history of the Kennedys, which was written at the same time by a partisan of the other side; it may even be by John Muir of Auchendrayne himself.



AMBROISE THOMAS.

After the Painting by Marcel Baschet, exhibited at the Salon of the Champs Élysées, 1895, and bought by the French Government for the Conservatoire.—[See "This Busy World," Page 582.]

the score fighting MacKerrows, cankered Crawfords, with all the disbanded Bargany discontents from the south of Carrick, Drummurchie's broken band from the hill-lands of Barr, with many others. So that we kept our swords, as at our first visit to the town in the days of Gilbert Kennedy, free in their scabbards as we ruffled it along the pavement.

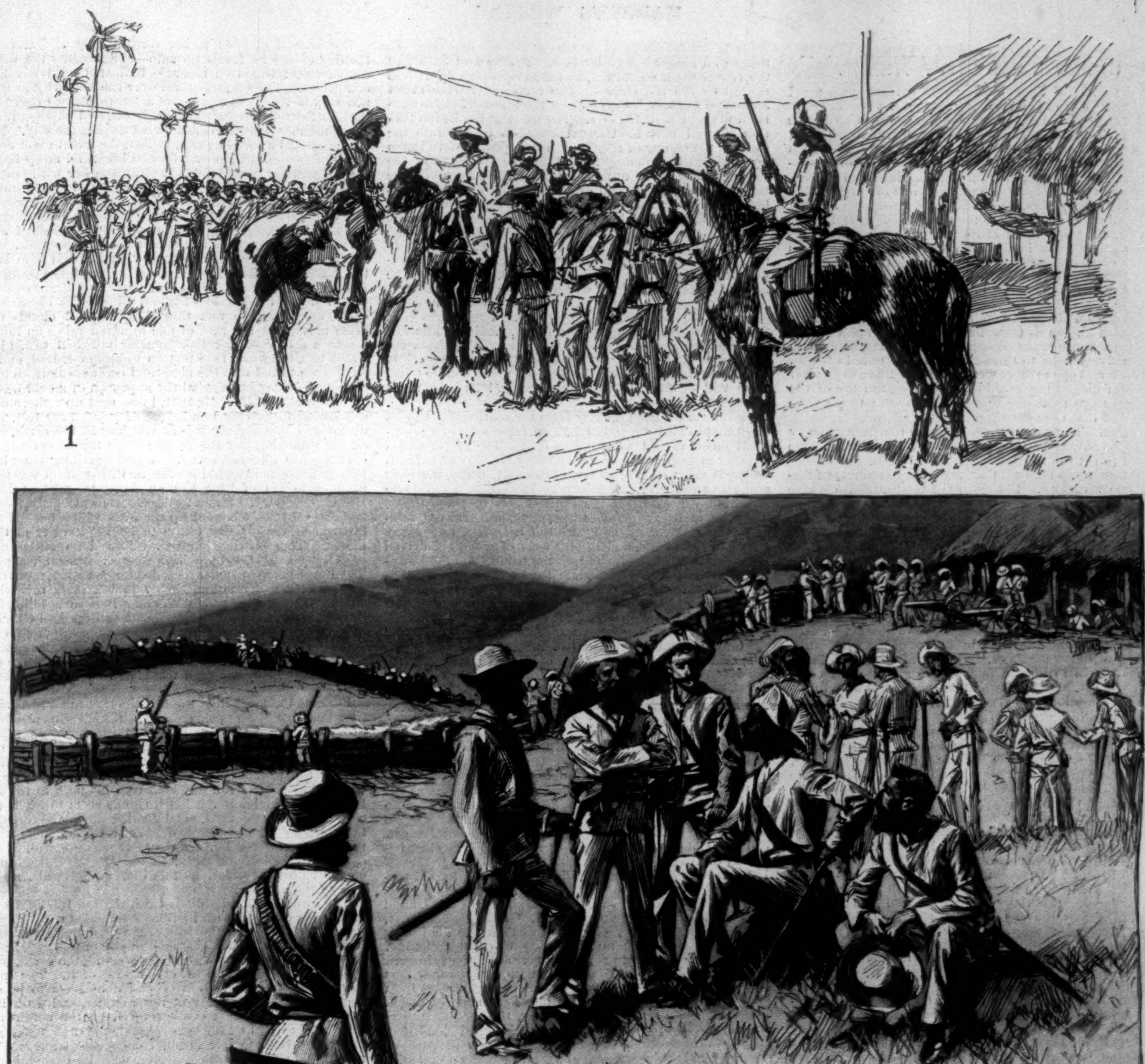
And I mind what my mother said as the first time she went down the Plainstones with me. We met Anthony Kennedy of Benane, and I perceived that ~~it was~~ his intent to take the wall of me. So I squared myself and went a little before, with my hand on my rapier-hilt and my elbows wide, also cocking fiercely my bonnet over my eye, which assurance feared him so greatly that he took the pavement edge, and I went by with my mother on my arm, having, as I thought, come off very well in the matter.

But mother stood still in amazement.

"Laddie, laddie, I kenned na what had taken ye—ye prinked and passaged for a' the world like our bantam cock at Kirrieoch when he hears his neighbor at Kirriemore craw in the prime of the morn. Gin ye gang on that gait, ye will get your kame berried and scarted, my lad. So listen to your auld mither, and walk mair humbly."

At this I was somewhat shamed, and dropped behind like a little whipped messan. For my mother has a brisk tongue. My father said not a word, but there was a look of humorsomeness upon his face which I knew and feared more than my mother's clip-wit tongue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE WAR IN CUBA—NEWS FROM MACEO'S CAMP.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM SKETCHES FURNISHED BY CARLOS VALDES, A COMANDANTE IN MACEO'S ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 595.]

1. The Capture of Lieutenant José Cabriñana and his Foraging Party by the Insurgents, April 28. 2. Antonio Maceo's intrenched Camp at El Cuzco, a few Leagues west of the Trocha. 3. Insurgents attacking Colonel Debos's Column on the Cattle Farm called La Legua, April 26.

WHAT A CYCLONE'S ATTACK ON A GREAT COMMUNITY MEANS.

In the midst of the cyclone season several years ago I heard some one express wonder as to what would result if a tornado of the first class should chance to strike the heart of a great city. The West is dotted with large towns, and the number of them is growing rapidly with each year, yet the first of the great communities to suffer notably is St. Louis. In passing through the desolated district, the thought that arises above others is one of surprise that instead of three or four or five hundred deaths the number of fatalities did not run into the thousands. It is difficult to understand how there could be frequent escapes in localities where there is not a house left standing, and in which there is evidence that the air was, for the moment of the tornado, literally filled with débris, the least important of which were flying bricks. For a distance of at least five miles through the heart of the city, beginning at the Mississippi River and ending just beyond the fashionable region known as Compton Hill, there is not a square in which a house is not damaged. This remarkable path is from five blocks to three-quarters of a mile in width. Its streets and open places were for at least five days after the storm almost impassable for vehicles, in spite of the fact that more than one thousand men with teams were busy all of that time clearing away the fallen roofs, walls, and fences. Three days elapsed before the street-railway companies having tracks through the stricken district were enabled to get their cars through the rubbish.

It is sometimes charged that newspaper accounts of disaster are overdrawn. In the case of the St. Louis cyclone no amount of skill in word-picture, and no amount of artistic appreciation in the preparation of pictures for the daily press, could convey an adequate notion of what really happened in the twelve or fifteen minutes in which the tornado raged. Scores of persons who were within the track of the storm, and who live to-day to tell of it, cannot describe what they saw and felt while the tornado lasted. They recall their apprehension as the wind gathered force and the darkness came, and they remember with feelings of horror their first sight of the scene of desolation that met their gaze when the light broke out of the west, while the wind still blew a gale of more than fifty miles an hour, but I have still to meet a man who for the six or eight minutes of actual darkness and destruction is able to describe his sensations or his surroundings.

I stood with a crowd of twenty or thirty newspaper men on the main floor of the St. Louis *Republic* building, three blocks from the river, when the storm struck that quarter of the town. The electric lights were burning, but out on the street there was no gleam of light save that which came with the lightning's flash. Some one shouted that the doors should be kept shut, and half a dozen men, with a ladder for a brace, attempted to keep them closed. The volunteers were back with the crowd in thirty seconds, with bruised hands, glad that it was no worse, and the doors remained open. This happened between 5.10 and 5.25 o'clock. At 5.45 the wind had fallen, and in the drenching rain there was a rush for street cars and carriages. But the cars had stopped. Wires were stretched across the streets, with tin roofs hanging to them. Every carriage that had withstood the storm was gone with its load of occupants, who were not sure that they would find homes when they got to their locations. The first reports indicated that the race-course had been swept away with its grand stand of people. There were wild rumors that the Union Station had gone. The telephone system was, of course, disabled; but whatever was left of the fire department hurried out, picking its way across the littered streets to the assistance of the victims.

Immediately north and south of the web of railroad tracks running east and west through the lower part of the city weeping, hysterical women and children crept about the ruins. Husbands and fathers that were not killed or injured in the wreck further uptown came straggling in. Here, with the wreckage of their ruined homes all about them, families wept and shouted for joy over their salvation, and there was actual good-humor in the face of the most terrible wreck that a modern city has ever seen. With such conditions few persons noticed the approach of another storm from the west until the edge of the cloud was overhead and the forked lightning began to play against a green background. The cloud was darker and of greater volume than its predecessor, but it seemed to be sweeping along together, a significant fact that was not noted by the stricken people. In their hysterical condition they thought that it was another visitation. The thunder and lightning were intense and terrific, but, until about 6.30, no more rain fell. I saw women praying in their ruined homes. Fathers with their children were running, they knew not whither. The situation was indeed appalling. All around lay evidences of the fearful power that had come but an hour before, and bearing down upon the stricken region was a greater and darker cloud than the first People were fairly flying over the viaducts without any notion of what they were doing or where they were going This was not far from Twelfth Street, almost the heart of the down-town devastation Many flat cars, loaded with iron water-piping, were standing on the tracks, and under these the cooler ones took refuge. Water stood over the ground to a depth of two or three inches; but it was a question of keeping alive, and no one gave heed to the wet. But the storm was not a repetition of the first one. Sheets of rain fell for half an hour, and a wind that would have been called fearful at another time raged, but the storm had spent itself in its first awful attack.

All of Wednesday night the city was dazed. The street cars were idle, many of them lying under house-tops that had blown into the streets. Several of the great power-stations were in ruins, along with the plants of the lighting companies. Across the river in East St. Louis a fire raged until after ten o'clock, and by the red light that was reflected from the low-hanging clouds men worked among the ruins It is probable that no great American city has ever had such a night of terror. The hundreds who had seen the desolation before night fell imagined everything and anything; and when fire and rain followed, the helpless community groaned in its misfortune. Thursday morning found desolation everywhere. Scores of bodies were taken from the ruins in the two cities, and relief stations were opened in a hundred places. By night the police were exhausted. Militia took the place of the worn-out officers, and the night found a glorious moon to make the work of the watchers and the rescuers a somewhat easier task. Friday and Saturday the rescue work continued, and Sunday every effort was made to open the streets. The authorities were much hampered in this employment by thousands of sight-seers from in and out of the city. The gates at the Union Station showed that 140,000 excursionists passed into the town in the course of the day. These people were much more difficult of management than the residents of the city, for they were unfamiliar with the streets or the town's customs. Several of the crippled street-car lines began to run on this day, relieving the congestion. One of them, the Fourth Street line, started its cable in the open air, the power-house having been lifted from the machinery. Singularly enough, the engines were not seriously damaged. On Monday the electric-light companies worked hard to get their lamps restored, but it will be many days before the city will again be perfectly lighted. Architects and insurance experts differ much in their estimates of the damage to property. The figures vary from $22,000,000 to $50,000,000 for St. Louis, and half of that sum for the other side of the river. The death list will not be accurately made up for a week to come. It would not be surprising, if when all are accounted for, there will be five hundred fatalities and two thousand among the injured.

The storm attacked the city from the southwest. Clocks on Compton Hill stopped at 5.10, and down-town a prominent clock ceased to move at 5.25. The storm had a circular motion, however, for in many instances the north and east sides of houses are blown out, while the west and south parts are not injured. In desolated Lafayette Park many great trees are twisted two or three times. They lie at every point of the compass. Leaves, with only their skeletons, hang to the branches, and many twigs, bits of straw, and small pieces of wood are driven through the thick bark and into the trunk. On the morning following the storm I picked up a dead robin in Lafayette Park. One side of the body was entirely denuded of feathers. Not a feather was missing from the other side. The absence of wells in the city probably accounts for the fact that there is no account of the remarkable suction so frequently spoken of in accounts of cyclones in Kansas and Nebraska. **Homer Bassford.**

THE VARYING POWER OF TORNADOES, AND THEIR FREQUENCY.

The loss of life and the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property by the combined force of two tornado funnels pursuing parallel courses from southwest to northeast, or in a generally easterly direction, at St. Louis, Missouri, on May 27, at 5.30 P.M., call attention to the possible repetition of this calamity in other great cities throughout the United States Lieutenant John P. Finley's elaborate charts, giving the geographical distribution of 1867 tornadoes as observed during a period of 125 years—1760–1885—reveal three marked regions of several hundred miles in diameter in which the frequency is four or five times as great as in other parts of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. On the Pacific coast, including the territory extending eastward to the Rocky Mountains, there are no tornadoes worth mentioning. More tornadoes occur near the junction of the Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska State lines than in any other part of the United States. These tornado tracks extend from Missouri and Kansas northward into Iowa and Nebraska. The destructive force is here greater, the tornado tracks are wider, and in this region the funnel-shaped cloud may adhere to the ground most of the time for a distance of several hundred miles. The next especially dangerous region is northern Alabama and Georgia near the Tennessee line, but here the tracks are somewhat shorter and the destruction not quite as continuous. Following this region comes southern Michigan, where the severity is not less, but the tracks are shorter and narrower. In the Mississippi Valley and eastward to the Alleghany Mountains there is a steady decline in tornado frequency to the eastward. In the Middle States the tornado tracks rarely exceed a mile in length by 500 feet in width. It therefore follows that the coast cities of New York and Boston are in much less danger than the cities in Missouri and Illinois. Philadelphia and Camden are more subject to the tornado's power than Washington, New York, and Boston, in the order named. The reason of this is that there is a region of considerable frequency in western New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania extending southward into Delaware. The mountainous country running parallel to the Atlantic coast is almost free of tornadoes from northern Pennsylvania to southern Tennessee.

These facts are not theoretical. They have been collected by more than 2500 voluntary tornado reporters, whose records have been classified and carefully tabulated by Lieutenant Finley between 1871 and 1891. Careful estimates indicate that the repetition of a tornado within a mile or two of its previous track is not likely to occur oftener than once in seventy years in the Eastern States, once in forty years in the Ohio Valley, once in six years in Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, and once in ten years in southern Michigan. This seems to accord well with my personal experience in visiting and investigating tornado tracks in the central West and in the Eastern States. While there are exceptions to the above roughly estimated results, yet I have found at Cherry Hill, New Jersey, and Woodhaven, Long Island, July 13, 1895; Westwood, New Jersey, October 4, 1885; Camden, New Jersey, August 3, 1895; Brooklyn, New York, January 9, 1889; Bergen Point, New Jersey, June 16, 1891, New Hartford, Connecticut, and other tracks in the East which I visited, that the oldest inhabitant could not remember a similar tornado as having occurred within a mile or two of the particular track then under investigation. But in the West one is very apt to hear of a tornado having occurred within a few miles five or ten years before. At the Jamestown, Ohio, tornado of April 27, 1884, I was told that one had occurred within a mile on the previous 25th of March; but this was an exceptional case. In the Eastern States the tornadoes are more apt to bound into the air while moving along for a distance of less than a mile, when they permanently leave the earth. The more I study the tornado tracks of the East the more I am convinced that the wholesale destruction at St. Louis is not likely to be repeated at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, or other large cities in the Eastern States.

The United States Weather Bureau map at 8 A.M. of the day of the St. Louis tornado—undoubtedly the most destructive tornado on record—indicated mild weather conditions. The general storm over the Lake region was not very severe, but there was a temperature of 40° in the Northwest and 70° near St. Louis, and this contrast was probably intensified somewhat during the day. No one predicted a tornado, and, in fact, the usual great contrasts of temperature over a limited area, and steep barometric gradient caused by cold clear weather with northwest winds crowding in upon the warm air of the southern Mississippi River, were not present with sufficient intensity to justify a tornado forecast. This was undoubtedly one of those exceptional cases in which the mischief was brewing almost entirely in the inaccessible upper air.

Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, director, and Mr. H. H. Clayton, observer, at Blue Hill Observatory, ten miles south of Boston, measured the height and motion of *cirrus* clouds, which float at a height of about nine miles above the earth, revealing the fact that these highest clouds are often moving at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. I sent a self-recording thermometer attached to a kite-string to a height of 1500 feet on February 4, 1891, and I have since found that the abnormal coolness aloft on this and other occasions denoted the approach of a cold wave. On the night of June 15, 1891, I also sent up a thermometer on the kite-string to a height of about 1200 feet, and discovered that the air was as warm as at the earth, and on the following day the Bergen Point tornado occurred, only a short distance away. A self-recording combination instrument invented by Mr. S. P. Ferguson was sent up to a height of 3964 feet on April 18, 1896, at Blue Hill Observatory. Much to the amazement of Mr. Rotch and Mr. Clayton, who sent up the kites which hoisted the instrument, the air was found to be 15° warmer at that height. This observation was followed on succeeding days by record-breaking high temperatures for April. The Ferguson instrument recorded temperature, moisture, and wind velocity automatically in ink on a revolving drum. The United States Weather Bureau is following the example of the first experiments at Blue Hill Observatory, and is also beginning to explore the upper-air currents. The surface observations are at times inadequate for tornado prediction, because so much of the force exerted is caused by the high winds and warm-air currents aloft.

Perhaps the most important distinction to emphasize is that between the appearance of a thunder-storm and a tornado, since, if this can be defined, much needless fear at the approach of black but harmless thunder-storms can be avoided. When not combined with tornado manifestations the thunder-storm sends aloft a narrow line of black clouds in advance, which remains high in the air. At the right and left the black clouds seem to reach the earth, but this is caused, not by a descent to the earth, as in a tornado, but by distant edges of the high black clouds receding below the horizon-line. It is one storm, which spreads to the left and right. There is no splitting up of clouds with the formation of a different storm at another part of the horizon.

The tornado is easily distinguished from this perfectly plain edge of black with its lighter rain-mist extending to the earth. Whether the funnel is veiled by rain or not, it is ordinarily so black that as it approaches it appears as a column of dense darkness, narrowest at the earth, with light breaking through on either side of it. The most marked trait of all is that other clouds seem to be approaching, others moving at right angles, and a distinct storm of light hue is coming up from the southwest. This is all caused by the tornado, which is drawing clouds and air currents towards itself from great distances. As the tornado funnel comes nearer, with its dark mass of rubbish reaching to the earth, the roar is frightful, giving the observer fifteen or twenty minutes' warning. The southwest corner of the cellar, if the tornado is approaching from the south or west, is the safest place of refuge. The tornado carries the wreckage to the north and east, and if the funnel is seen in the north or east it need not be feared, because it will almost certainly move away. Of six hundred tornadoes specially classified, all but thirty-five moved from southwest to northeast, and nearly all the thirty-five moved eastwardly.

The funnels have a rotary motion from right to left, and this motion is not due to electrical action, but to acceleration of conflicting air currents. Lieutenant Finley shows that the lightning supposed to be in the funnel is really in adjacent thunder-clouds. The broken and withered buds, bruised by the action of the air, are evaporated by the sun after the tornado, causing the foliage to look seared, giving rise to the error that the tornado manifests burning electrical power. It has been demonstrated by study of wreckage that as the funnel leaves the earth and rises into the air its force slightly diminishes, and that this bounding motion causes the funnel to spare one building and demolish another. The funnel, with its small end to the earth, spins like a top, moving along at an average rate of about forty miles an hour, but the velocity of the spin is incalculable. It is like the motion of air impelled by an explosion.

Tornadoes generally occur between 3 P.M. and 5 P.M., and not more than one in a thousand takes place between 10 P.M. and noon of the following day. I have heard of only two instances in which the tornado occurred between midnight and morning—one at Hohokus, New Jersey, and another in southern Michigan, which caused slight loss of life. Since these are only two in about two thousand cases, the danger from tornadoes at night is so small that it need not be considered. **William A. Eddy.**

DANDELION DOWN.

A mist of silver spun like finest floss
Drifts on the wings of the capricious wind
Among the alders, by the mossy wall
It lingers in a listless pensive dream,
Then through the clearing and the nestling wood
It moves upon its airy pilgrimage,
And then it crumbles into thinnest air,
And of the playful wind becomes a part
Until it disappears, we know not where.
Next year we'll learn where it has wandered to,
For all the sward where it so softly falls
Will glimmer in a wealth of fairy gold.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE WAR IN CUBA—NEWS FROM MACEO'S CAMP.

A RATHER good story has filtered through the Cuban Junta.

The protagonist need not be named, for those who know him will recognize their friend, and those who do not know him will cheerfully dispense with a problem in pronunciation. At any rate, he is an officer serving under Máximo Gómez, and he is an estimable person, with a single conspicuous failing. One day the general came upon this officer when the latter was playing the guitar, and his failing was so obtrusive that it could not be overlooked.

"You!—in this condition!"... The general held up three fingers, menacingly. "In the next three engagements," he said, "you shall go to the front—to the most exposed position."

And for his fault the unnamed officer actually was exposed to the worst of the enemy's fire in the three encounters next following; but he (a lead-cure patient) escaped with his life.

Then the edict went forth that drunkenness in the Cuban service should regularly be punished in this severe fashion.

"I think," said Gómez, "that the noise and the smell of powder will dissipate the fumes of alcohol."

Unfortunately the story is meant to prove something: it has no doubt gained currency among those who would prove by it that rigorous discipline prevails in the insurgent armies. And there are other stories to *prove* that the Maceo brothers, José in the east and Antonio in the west, are duly subordinate to their general-in-chief, who has threatened to shoot the one or the other if they fail to submit their plans to him. Evidence of discipline and of organization among the insurgents is in request, and the supply responds somewhat easily to the demand. Perhaps the most impressive statement of this nature is to the effect that fourteen expeditions, in aid of the patriots' cause, have been successfully landed during the last fifteen or sixteen months; whereas but twelve such expeditions reached Cuba in the Ten Years' War (1868–78).

One of the drawings reproduced on another page of this number of the WEEKLY has its value as a distinct (and, we have good reason to believe, a quite faithful) representation of Antonio Maceo's intrenched camp at El Cuzco, a few leagues west of the Trocha, and the dominating point among the mountains of the interior. It is at least more significant than the stories—more nearly like a bit of positive evidence in regard to the actual state of affairs. Señor Valdes writes: "We have two lines of fortifications, made of stone, hard-woods, and sacks filled with gravel, and we have mounted four Gatling guns and two Hotchkiss. Nature has made our position impregnable; and from this height we command a view that extends fourteen leagues on every side. At the right of the encampment is a hospital, where there are to-day (April 20) eighty-five sick and wounded. In this fertile region the small farms [from which vegetables are obtained] are numerous. The general opinion in camp is that, until the rainy season is more advanced, we shall not make a concerted attack on the Trocha—which has been from the first and still is a mere scarecrow (*simulacro indecente de defensa*). Eight American artillerymen are with us; they came with recommendations to General Maceo. We shall see how they bear themselves."

Another drawing might be entitled "Magnanimity," and I am afraid it is rather a bid for admiration—a pose. As for the occurrence it depicts, that was just one of the many happenings which, but for some accidental sketch or note, with quality enough to make it permanent, are hopelessly lost, forever immersed in the Cuban "sea of troubles." It seems that on April 28 some of the garrison of the Trocha went out on a foraging expedition, commanded by Lieutenant José Cabriñana. Maceo's partisans had notice of the design, and prepared an ambuscade. After exchanging a few shots the lieutenant and six soldiers surrendered. They were disarmed and set at liberty.

Now a third adventure and picture.

From Bahía Honda, on the northern coast, less than sixty miles west of Havana, an incursion was attempted during the concluding days of April, with results that have been variously stated. A clipping from a Spanish newspaper unfolds its views: "*Enough* of the enemy [the Cubans] were slain (April 25).... On April 26 our forces continued to chase Maceo." But on April 27 Valdes wrote: "Yesterday we had a hunting party at the expense of Colonel Debós, on the cattle farm called 'La Legua.' We were at breakfast in the dwelling-house when a messenger arrived with information that a column was approaching. Accordingly Maceo arranged that the cavalry should occupy a position on the further side of the little hill which rises on the right of the farm-house. Colonel Debós, when he became aware of our presence, apparently thought of moving his force up the hill-side and making a stand there; but as they were passing around a bamboo thicket the cavalry attacked them. The fight lasted for two hours; then our infantry joined in the attack, advancing by way of the palm grove behind the hill. Colonel Debós was seen to fall from his horse, seriously wounded; and thereupon the Spaniards retreated in the direction of Bramales." This forms the subject of the remaining illustration on page 593. The reader is not obliged to accept one version of the affair, and to hold that the other version is positively false or designed to mislead the public. The term "hunting party" seems to have been happily chosen; for when game is large the relative positions and respective desires of the hunter and the hunted are apt to change, and it is sometimes hard to tell which *is* hunter, which *is* hunted.

MARRION WILCOX.

A SONG.

THE new-born leaves unfolding fast
  Make nests of green on every bough;
The pilgrim birds, their wanderings past,
With joy return; but thou, my love—
  Oh, where, my love, art thou?

Soft tumults fill the balmy air,
  Faint breathings of the flowers to be,
Life glows and gladdens everywhere;
But I am lone for thee, my love—
  Oh, lone, my love, for thee!

Give me the voice of moaning pines,
  The frozen wold, the wind-worn space;
Give me the winter Earth resigns;
But let me see thy face, my love—
  Oh, let me see thy face!

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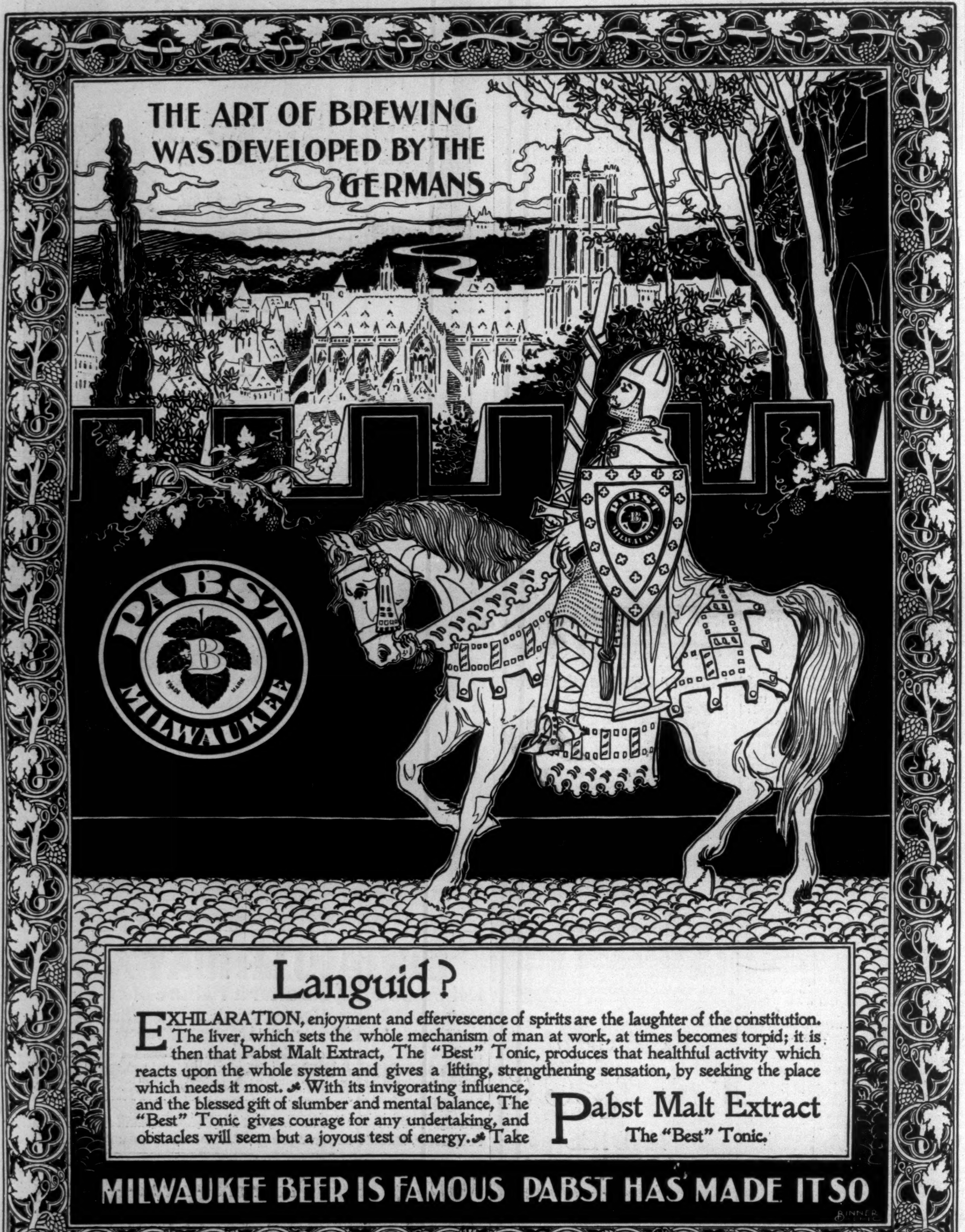
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This Department went to press June 4.

AMATEUR SPORT

Yale's Henley crew sailed from New York last Saturday, with its coach, Robert J. Cook, two racing-shells, several sets of oars, and the heart-felt wish of all America for their success—for every college man is a Yale man from now until the close of the Henley Regatta.

It will be the fifth American college crew to do battle with England on her own water, and only one of those that have gone before returned with a trophy. It will be the third time eights have met, and both the other two were defeated. Of the five international races already contested all were on the other side but one, and England has three to the credit of her college oarsmen.

The record stands as follows:

1869.—A Harvard 'varsity eight rowed Oxford over the regular Oxford-Cambridge four-mile Thames course, and was defeated by six seconds.

1876.—First Trinity College of Cambridge University sent a four-oared crew to our Centennial Regatta at Philadelphia, and was defeated by a Yale four, of which Cook, Robert J., the present Yale coach, was stroke.

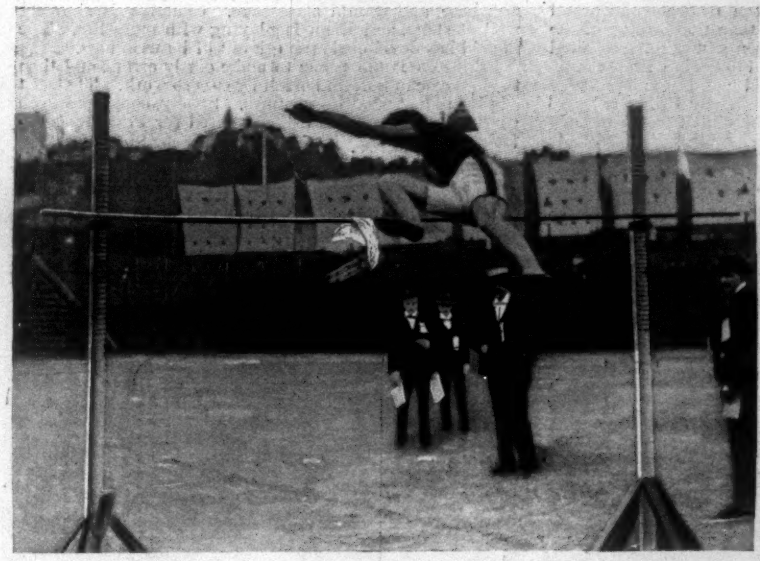
1878.—Columbia sent a four-oared crew to England, which succeeded in winning the Visitors' Challenge Cup. This is to-day the only English boating trophy on this side the ocean.

1881.—Cornell sent to Henley a four-oared crew that had the previous year won the American Inter-collegiate Regatta on Lake George. It lost at Henley, as well as on the Continent.

1895.—Cornell sent an eight-oared crew to Henley, entering only for the Grand Challenge Cup. This crew won its first heat from Leander by what may be technically called, I suppose, default. Its second heat was against Trinity Hall; at the half-mile, pulling forty-four to Trinity's thirty-eight strokes, Cornell led by half a length. At the mile, pulling the same number of strokes, Trinity had closed the gap and was beginning to leave Cornell. Whereupon Cornell collapsed.

The superficial reader will find in this record no encouragement to hope for a Yale victory at Henley the second week in July. But this Department is not written for superficial readers. If I did not feel that possibly the Yale crew may get just a bit too much of the English climate, and that two weeks between the time of its arrival and its race might be better than three, I should be as confident of its winning at Henley as at New London, were the time-honored dual race forth-coming this year.

As it is, my studies of the two strokes, shells, and rigging in their respective homes, and my knowledge of Yale boating and of this particular crew, impel me to the belief that Yale has a good fighting chance. If the men continue fit and no accidents occur, it seems to me the Grand Challenge Cup will find its way to the Trophy-Room of the Yale gymnasium.



WINSOR MAKING A NEW INTER-COLLEGIATE RECORD OF 6 FT. 1 IN.

As to the English climate—there is no doubt of its enervating effect on foreigners, or of the need of extreme care in handling athletes unaccustomed to its insidious influences.

The experience of the Cornell crew, and of other athletes who have attempted training in England, seems to suggest either a long period of preparatory work, so as to become thoroughly acclimated, or a very short period, in order that the debilitation may not set in before the day of contest. John Corbin, the Harvard middle-distance runner, is a believer in the shorter period, based on his experience in training and running during the year he spent at Oxford. Personally, although having done no actual training, I found in the English climate a tendency to go "slack"—*i. e.*, to lose snap and ginger.

On the other hand, Yale, it will be remembered, sent a track athletic team to meet Oxford in 1894, and it is safe to say that the vagaries of the English climate are well known at New Haven, and were fully considered before launching this crew. Yale is not apt to go into things blindly. Therefore, although it may seem to some of us that the crew is being given just a week too much time in English quarters before its race, it is comforting to consider that Yale teams of all kinds are invariably trained to the very day, and that Cook has no superior as a coach on either side of the Atlantic.

Speculation has been rife among those who apparently parallel an oarsman with a gaited saddle-horse, as to what changes Mr. Cook would make in the stroke which has founded a school of rowing at Yale. People generally, and even those with that dangerous acquisition—a little knowledge—have extraordinary ideas on rowing. They conclude the essentials to success in a mile to a mile and a half race to be shortness of stroke and rapidity of slide; that the crew which can make the greatest number of jabs to the minute at the water is fulfilling the demands of an ideal racing stroke. On the same basis of reasoning, the sprinter with the shortest and most rapid stride should be the winner.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE GAMES—HOLLISTER WINNING HALF-MILE IN NEW INTER-COLLEGIATE RECORD TIME—1.56 4-5.

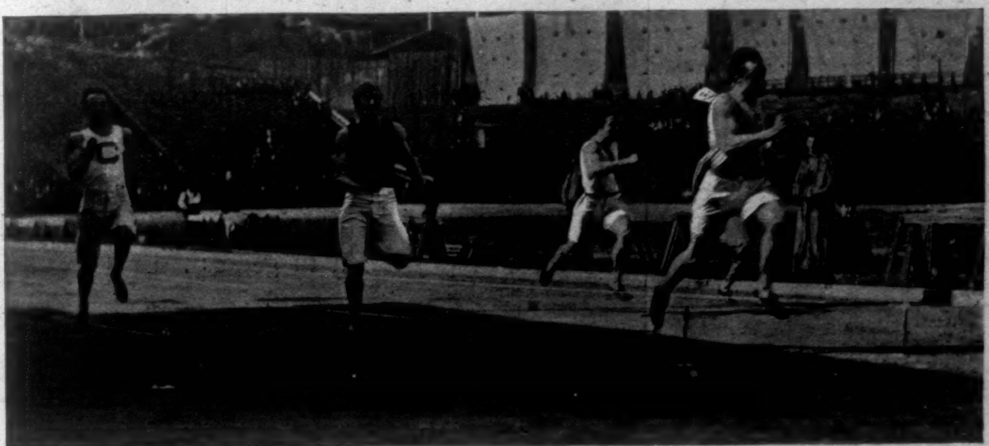
It is not the shortness nor the rapidity of stroke that wins races. I might even truthfully paraphrase and say it is rather the shortness and rapidity that kill the oarsmen.

It is the power put into the stroke and the unison with which the eight blades go into the water and come out of it, without hanging at either end, that drive a shell onward to victory.

Yale has found by long experience that the maximum speed of her crews is attained with the stroke at 38 to 40. Beyond that point the increased pace is inconsiderable, while the added exertion is exhausting to the men. If any further enlightenment were needed to expose the fallacy of the short, rapid-fire stroke, it seems to me to have been provided by the Cornell-Trinity Hall race last year. Cornell started at 46 strokes to the minute; Trinity, 42; at the quarter-mile Cornell was leading by quarter of a length and pulling 44 to Trinity's 38; at the half-mile Cornell was still pulling 44 and leading Trinity by a half-length, pulling 38. From this point, although Cornell continued to pull 44 strokes and Trinity Hall 38, the latter managed to gain steadily, until at the mile she was going away from Cornell. And yet on top of that evidence (a crew steadily gaining on one pulling six more strokes to the minute), Cornell reaffirms her loyalty to the short, quick stroke, and sets down her Henley defeat to overtraining. Overtrained the men may have been to some slight extent, but they were simply rowed off their stretchers, as will be the result every time a crew rowing a similar stroke meets one that pulls the English stroke and can put power enough into it to send the shell along at a racing clip under 38 to 40 strokes per minute.

Of the professional school of rowing, as exemplified by the short, rapid-fire stroke, Cornell is unquestionably preeminent. It is even possible she might on occasion turn out a crew that would defeat a below-the-average Yale crew, but that would not alter the facts as to the relative value of the two strokes—the English or 'varsity or Yale, and the professional as revealed by Cornell at its best, and hitherto by Pennsylvania at its worst.

The theory of good rowing has long ceased to be open to discussion. It was settled many years ago in England, and when Mr. Cook, in '70, made a pilgrimage to Oxford and Cambridge, and as a result brought Yale a new stroke and system of rowing that have given her consistent performance and continuous supremacy—he settled it too for America.



THE INTER-COLLEGIATE GAMES—WEFERS WINNING THE 100 YARDS IN WORLD'S RECORD TIME OF .9 4-5.

The style of rowing adopted by all the crews of Eton (England's great rowing nursery), at the twenty-one Colleges and four Halls of Oxford, and at the seventeen Colleges of Cambridge is practically the same. The English crew which carries off the Grand Challenge Cup may represent the pick of forty eights at Oxford and Cambridge alone, not to mention Eton and the several rowing clubs on the Thames, some of which do not entirely depend on undergraduate university material. If all these are arrayed against the professional stroke, and, after years of trial, agreed on a system that is practically the same for one and all, it is reasonable that their evidence should be convincing, especially since it corroborates the tests to which the professional and English strokes have already been submitted.

There will be no change in the Yale stroke, therefore, to meet the unusual requirements alleged by ignorant prophets to obtain at Henley. Except for quickening it a few points, the stroke will be on the English as we have been accustomed to see it on the American Thames. And the Yale stroke, to the best of my knowledge and belief, is the English stroke with improvements. Theoretically it is the same; practically the swing is shorter on each end, the slide is not so long by about five inches, and the recover smoother and more rapid. Which of these actually gives the greater pace to the shell can only be decided by contest. Yale's performance at Henley in consequence will be viewed with extraordinary interest, not only because of the international character of the racing, but because the accepted rowing standards of the Old and the New World will be on trial.

Henley is the foremost amateur rowing regatta in the world. It was established in 1839 by the citizens of Henley contributing 100 guineas for the purchase of a trophy, which became the Grand Challenge Cup, to be raced for annually by eight-oared crews. Subsequently other trophies were added: In '42, Stewards' Challenge Cup for fours; Diamond Challenge Sculls in '44; Silver Goblets for pair-oars in '45; also, the Ladies' Challenge Plate for eight-oared crews; in '47, Visitors' Challenge Cup for fours; in '55, Wyfold Challenge Cup for fours; in '68, Thames Challenge Cup for eights. Of these, all are open to the world except the Ladies' Plate, to which only English 'varsity, college, and public-school eights are eligible. The Visitors' Cup is open only to college and school crews.

The Henley course is one mile and 550 yards long, and the races are rowed up stream. Leander Club holds the record for the fastest time made—6 m. 51 sec.; Trinity (Cambridge) did 6.53 in '86, and 6.56 in '87. In '93 the Challenge Cup was won in 7.45; '94, in 7.22; '95, in 7.30. Cornell rowed the course several times in 7.10 in practice, and once in 7.04.

But two foreign crews have ever carried off any one of these cups—our own Columbia in '78, and a crew from Amsterdam last year which won the Thames cup; while Trinity College, Dublin, is the only institution in the British Isles outside of England to have sent a winning boat to Henley, and none has ever won the Challenge Cup. As the Grand Challenge Cup is the most highly prized of all the trophies of this regatta, it may be understood that if Yale is successful she will have attained the highest honor possible in amateur rowing.

The Yale crew which sailed Saturday is not an exceptional one. It has not the form nor has it revealed the speed of the notable crews of '88, '92, or that of '95, which defeated Harvard so easily it had no opportunity of showing just how speedy it was. But it is a good aver-

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age Yale crew, and one that has in its last day's practice shown the ability to do better. There are individual faults, of course, most important of which have been Brown's and Bailey's and Simpson's poor time, Rodgers's difficulty in concentrating himself on the catch, and Beard's indifferent body-work; but these were disappearing so rapidly last week that there need be very little fear of any raggedness on July 7, the first day of the regatta.

What is much more important is that the shell of late has been travelling smoothly, with a fair amount of life. And the "life" is the most hopeful sign, for the want of it has been the discouraging feature of the crew's work all spring. The time has improved greatly, and in ordinary practice the shell runs very evenly, with hardly a perceptible check between strokes. When full power is applied with a higher stroke the check of course is more noticeable, but they have it pretty well under control, and it was not a bad fault at New Haven, and will undoubtedly disappear entirely at Henley.

ONE OF THE BEST FEATURES of the crew's work is their getting the boat under way smoothly and quietly, but with remarkable speed. The blade-work was rapidly developing into first-class form, and before they left New Haven last week the record for the mile course on the river was equalled. Beautiful blade-work has always been a feature of Yale crews, and this year's will be no exception to the rule. What the coaches have done most successfully is to have got a crew that has the skill to pull absolutely together, and the strength to pull the stroke straight through without letting up an ounce on the power. This is the feature that more than any other will count in Yale's favor at H[illegible]ley—instantly to put the power on at the catch, and to keep it on straight through. Thirty-eight such strokes to the minute will send the shell at a pace no forty-four can equal. Mr. Cook appreciates the necessity of power in a Henley crew, and he has succeeded in getting together eight lusty fellows, who can stay, unless I am greatly mistaken, with any eight England will produce. Stronger men than Brown, Beard, Rodgers, and Longacre are seldom found in a boat —or out of it, for matter of that. Langford is a coolheaded, snappy stroke, and Captain Treadway shares with S. B. Ives, captain of the '93 crew, the honor of being the best exponents of oarsmanship Yale has ever produced.

IF THE ENGLISHMEN WANT TO SEE pretty work, I suggest their watching Treadway; and if they wish to see power put into a sweep, they might have a look at Longacre.

It is not one of the heaviest crews Yale has turned out, nor is it up to the weight of this year's Oxford or Cambridge eights, which averaged respectively 177 and 174, but it is a solid crew, and will probably average about 171 in its races. As for the crew's ability to "hit it up" without going to pieces, there need be little fear on that score; a Yale crew once together can increase and decrease the stroke without a break. And that reminds me, by-the-way, of the prettiest work in that line I have ever seen done by a crew. I remember watching "Josh" Hartwell's '92 crew run the stroke up from 34 to 40 and down again without a falter either way. Captain Treadway's eight will probably row from 38 to 40 at Henley; against Harvard, Yale has rarely pulled above 36, and sometimes as low as 34 strokes to the minute.

OF THE CREW'S *personnel*, Captain Treadway, No. 7, rowed on the '94 and '95 winning crews, and is a most efficient captain, and, as I have already said, an oar of consummate skill. Langford, stroke, stroked the winning crew of '95; he has endurance and abundant drive and dash. Longacre, No. 6, rowed in the winning crews of '93, '94, and '95, and is a man of tremendous power. Bailey, No. 5, has never before had a seat in the 'varsity, but was a good class-crew man. Rodgers, No. 4, is also a new man in the 'varsity. He played tackle on the eleven last autumn; is a man of great strength. Beard, No. 3, rowed on the '94 and '95 winning crews, played tackle same length of time on 'varsity eleven, and is one of the strongest men in the boat. Brown, No. 2, first year on the 'varsity, and has required a deal of coaching; has played football and handled weights on the athletic team—in fact, was one of Yale's Oxford team. He is a very strong man and a powerful oar.

Simpson, bow, was substitute last year, and has done good work on class crews.

Clark, cockswain, steered last year's winning eight down the American Thames, but will have a much more complex duty in steering up the English Thames this year. He is somewhat of an unknown quantity; though, after all, the steering at Henley is not so very difficult, certainly not to be compared with the Oxford-Cambridge course from Putney. Whitney is the best of the substitutes, and would fit in well either at bow or No. 2 in case of emergency. As it is, he came very near making the boat.

THE HENLEY REGATTA BEGINS JULY 7, and continues for three days. Whether Yale will win or not, no one can say, but American sportsmen may be certain the crew will make a thoroughly creditable showing. They have the stroke, and they have the men to pull it. May they pull it through to victory!

If Yale does not succeed in bringing back a trophy in token of an aquatic victory, she can, however, bring back some altered and improved ideas of the atmosphere that should envelop university sport. She will find no secret-service bureau ruling university rowing in England. There will be no necessity of sending out spies to catch a glimpse of her rivals at work. All crews will practise openly on the river, and the Yale men, in common with the public, may study form and stroke to their hearts' content. Indeed, Mr. Cook will be invited to an inspection of crews and boat-houses. It is to be hoped Yale will not only abandon in England the secretive methods that have ruled here in inter-'varsity boating, but will not take them up again when she has returned home.

THE COLLEGE BASEBALL SEASON of '96 will go down in athletic history as showing in its first part the most in-and-out form on record. But the last ten days have witnessed a general steadying and better ball by all the leading nines save Cornell. The green material of Cornell seems to profit less by experience than that on any of the other teams, and the last half-dozen games have resulted in heavy defeats. Disaster seemed to begin with the Manhattan College game, which Cornell lost, 1–6, and has been followed rapidly by a 0 to 22 beating by Princeton, a 26 to 9 victory by Pennsylvania at Ithaca, and an 11 to 2 beating from the same nine at Philadelphia. Pennsylvania has shown very little improvement, despite her victories; the nine has moments of good ball-playing, but is unsteady, and makes too many errors. Costly errors largely accounted for its defeat by Chicago, 10–15, although the Western team is stronger at the bat. Chicago's Eastern tour was not a success; she lost to Yale, 5–31, and to Harvard, 7–10.

BROWN HAS DONE CONSISTENT WORK the last ten days. She has beaten Holy Cross, 16–5 and 5–4; Georgetown, 13–6; and on Memorial day Brown won her third victory over Yale (6–4) this season, and her thirteenth victory out of fifteen games played — one of the best records ever made by a college nine. On Wednesday last she lost a great game to Harvard, 1–6. Brown's three defeats have been twice by Harvard and once by Holy Cross, but she has in turn beaten the former once and the latter twice, and defeated every other college nine she has played, including Yale (three times), Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, Wesleyan (twice), and Tufts.

Yale played a strong game against Brown, the best she has shown this season, fielding carefully, hitting hard, and making but two errors to Brown's five. But Brown's batting, although not so strong, was timely and well placed, while her close fielding kept Yale from reaping the benefit of her harder batting. Greenway's work in the box was good; he struck out nine to Brady's five. It was a hard, well-played game, and the better nine won.

THE SOUL-STIRRING GAME of the season, however, was that between Harvard and Princeton, May 30, which continued for sixteen innings before Princeton finally won, 8–6. Princeton exhibited the quality she has not hitherto revealed this season, viz., ability to play a steady uphill game, and the one she has lacked to make her nine the strongest of the year. Princeton started out with Easton in the box, and Harvard made five runs the first inning, whereupon Wilson was called to pitch. Ordinarily Princeton would have gone to pieces at so discouraging a beginning, but on this occasion the men settled to business, and played one of the best fielding games seen this year. She simply corroborated what has been said of her here—that she has the baseball skill if she can only summon the courage to show it under trying conditions. After Harvard made her five runs in the first inning not a run was scored until the fifth, when Princeton made four, making another in the fourth, which tied the score.

In the fourteenth inning each made a run, and in the sixteenth Princeton made the two that gave her the victory. Both pitchers did good work, Paine striking out seven and Easton five; Princeton made seven errors to Harvard's four. Of the two, Harvard shows the greater improvement.

INDEED, THE HARVARD NINE has improved at a greater rate than any other college team. In its third game with Brown, June 3, which it won, 6–1, it showed the best form of the season, playing literally without an error, and fielding closely and placing the hits to good advantage. Paine pitched a splendid game, striking out five, though he gave three men first on balls. Haughton is still on first base, and should stay there. Chandler is showing well at short, and Dean is playing with more life. The in-field has developed strength out of its weakness.

Princeton is too prone to make costly errors, and then to endeavor to redeem herself by superb work. That sort of play is just what loses games. Steady, consistent form counts, and its absence has accounted for Princeton's defeats this year.

Princeton's third game with Yale will be played June 6, while we are on the press, and her third with Harvard on June 10, both at Princeton, where, if anywhere, the home nine should show its best and at least consistent form. Harvard and Brown meet again June 15.

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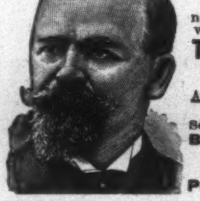

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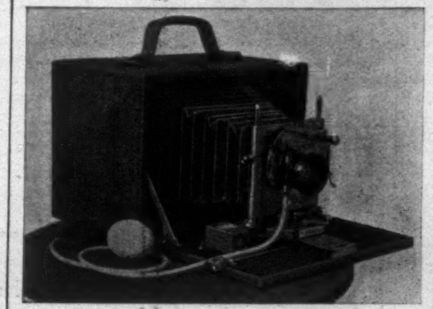

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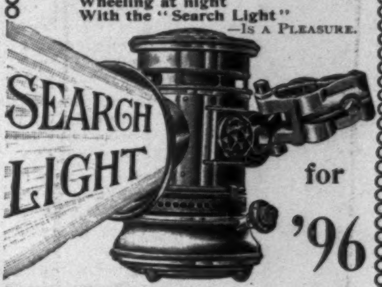

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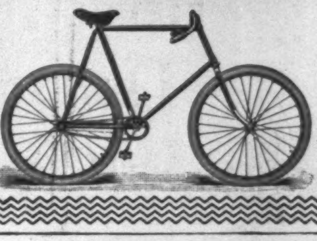

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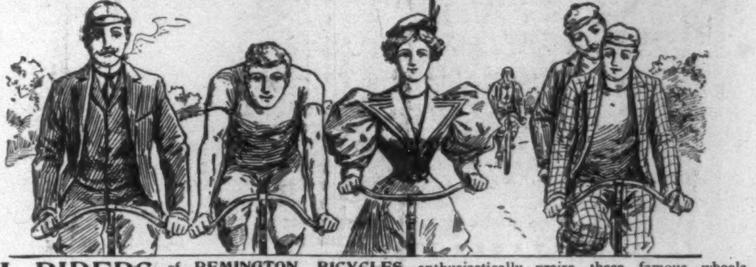

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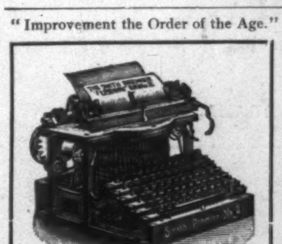

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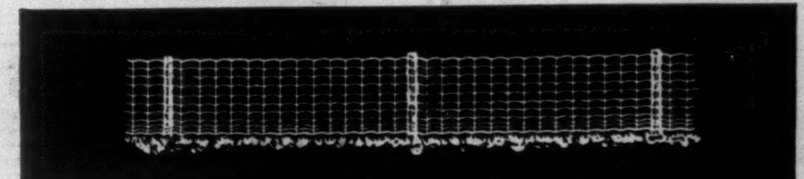

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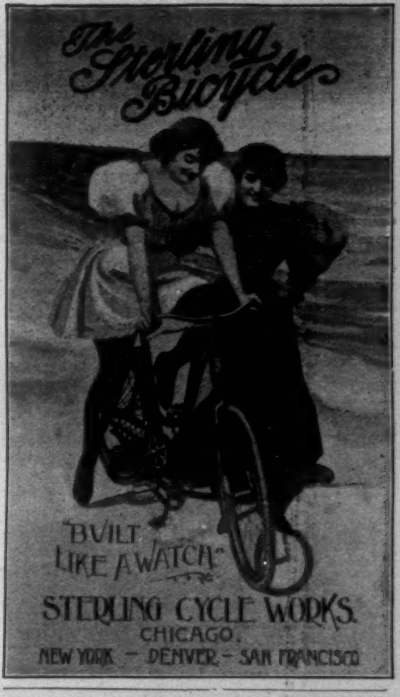

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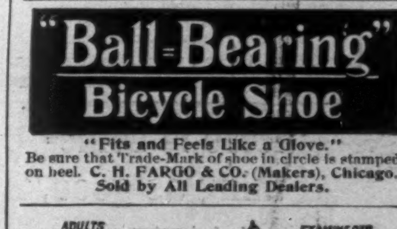

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